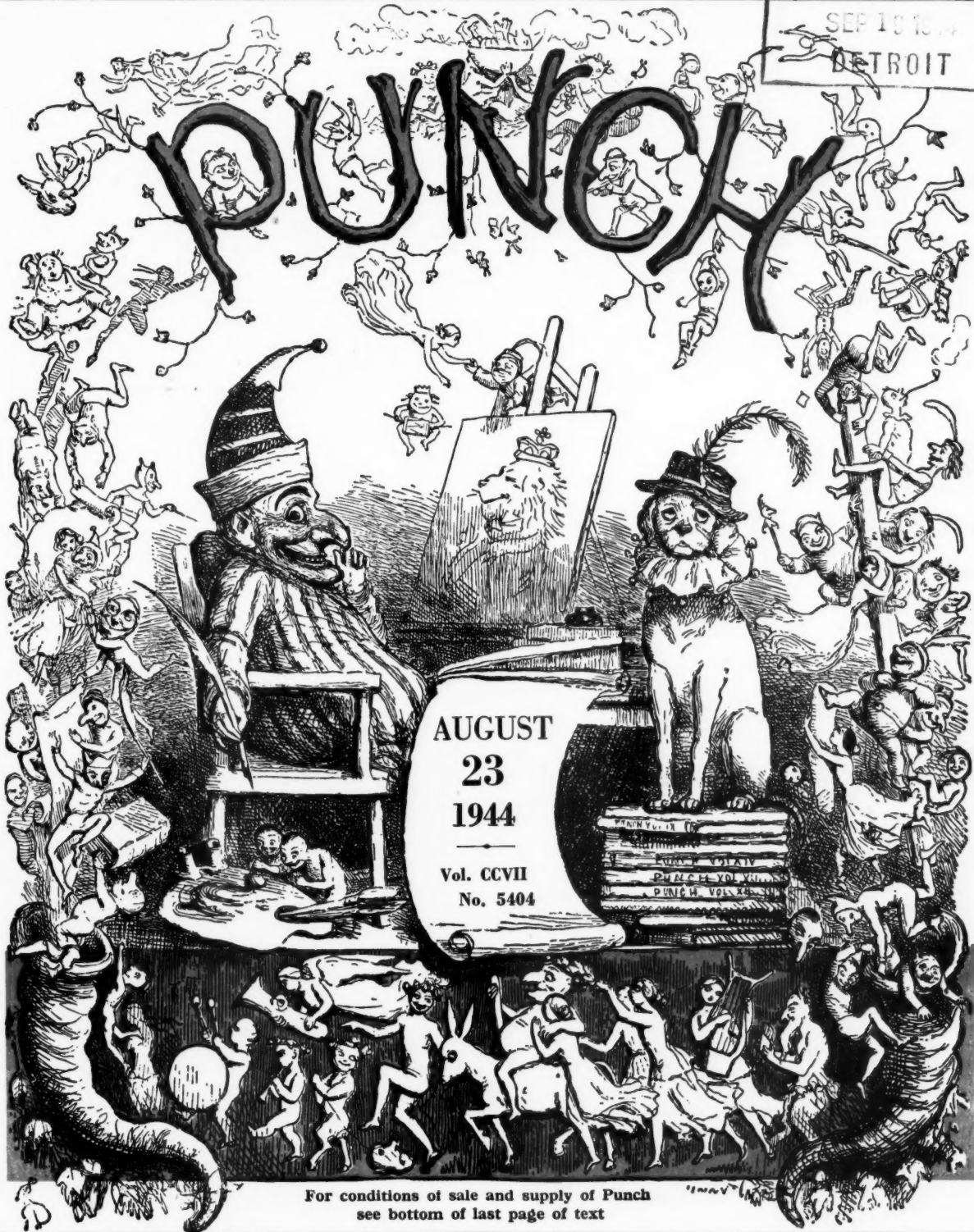


IT TAKES EXTRA MEN & MACHINES TO MAKE SYNTHETIC TYRES

— so take EXTRA CARE in using them — **DUNLOP**

PUBLIC LIBRARY

SEP 10 1944
DETROIT



For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text

"Triplex" — the safety glass
Regd



JACOB'S

CREAM CRACKERS

W. & R. JACOB & CO. (LIVERPOOL) LTD.

Thank goodness I always bought



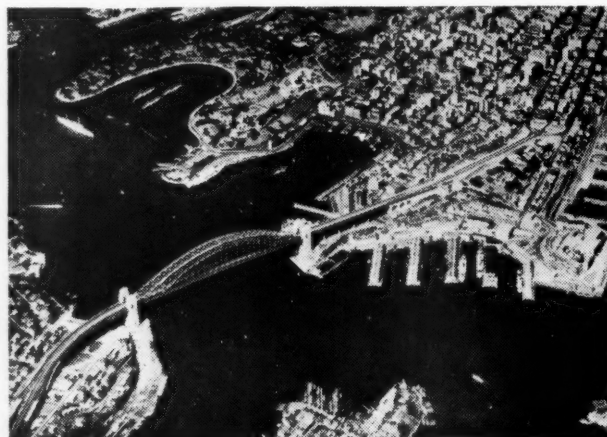
when it's old
I make it into
something
new



Though 'Viyella' and 'Clydella' are "Absent on Service" at home and overseas, there's 'Dayella'—the Utility cloth you can depend on to wear and wash *really* well. It too bears the famous 'Day and Night Wear' guarantee of quality.



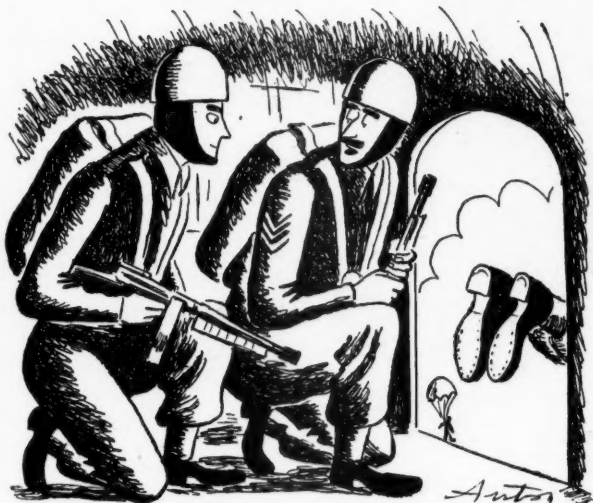
HARBOURS OF THE WORLD



SYDNEY HARBOUR seventh wonder of the modern world, to which ships, big and small, come from all the Seven Seas. All types of engines are represented 'there. Among them Lister-Blackstone-Marine from Dursley and Stamford contribute their quota.

R. A. LISTER (MARINE SALES) LTD.
DURSLEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

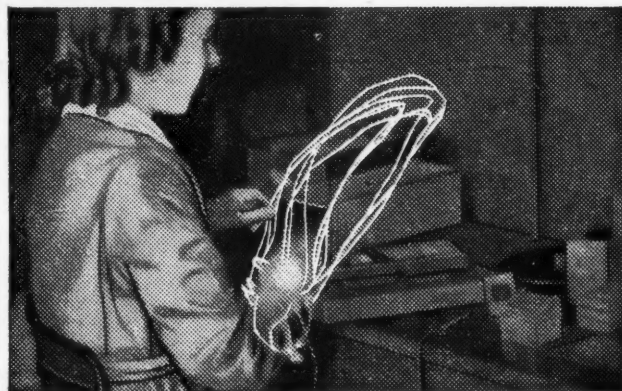
and at Saxone
they measure both feet



Men who consider comfort come to Saxone for Footprint shoes.
We measure both feet, which ensures a perfect fit and longer wear.

SAXONE CIVIL AND SERVICE SHOEMAKERS

40 STRAND, 11 CHEAPSIDE, ETC., LONDON • SHOPS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY
A.2



KODAK FILM is in the Factories helping to increase efficiency

By photographing the path traced by a lamp fixed to a worker's wrist a record is obtained of all movements made to complete a job. Such pictures often show how operations can be speeded and fatigue decreased. The countless uses of photography in industry to-day consume vast quantities of 'Kodak' Film. If you have difficulty in buying a spool, please remember it is because such vital work must come first.



F.14.E



Fashion says a "man style" pocket just like that in every GOR-RAY Skirt. And no placket. Neither buttons to bulge nor openings to gape and spoil the symmetry of the hip line... just the neatest of neat fastenings at the waist band.

Good drapers and stores everywhere stock GOR-RAY Skirts with the "Z'WOW" Pocket in a variety of styles.

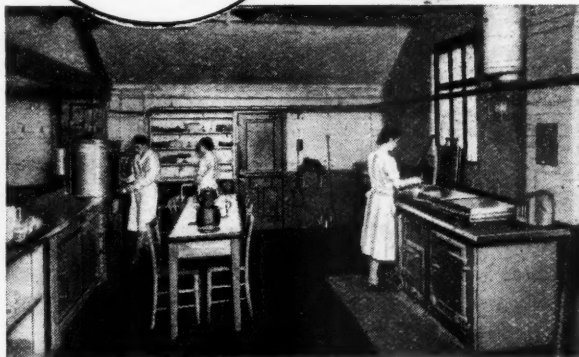
GOR-RAY Skirts

Kill the button for the 'Z'WOW' Pocket

G. STILLITZ, LEAMINGTON SPA.

Scientific

LOOK! our
canteen complete
with **ESSE**
COOKERS



The ESSE Major Heat Storage Cooker is continuous burning and shows amazing Fuel Economy. The roomy fume-free ovens, large fast boiling area and cleanliness in operation will satisfy the needs of the most exacting of staff.

THE ESSE COOKER CO.

Proprietors: Smith & Wellstood Ltd.

Established 1854

Head Office & Works: **BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND**

London Showrooms: 63 CONDUIT ST., W.1 • 11 LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.4

Also at LIVERPOOL • EDINBURGH • GLASGOW



There
is a
cigarette...

... even in these days of substitutes, make-do and make-believe, which gives you unadulterated pleasure of the best Turkish leaf Of normal—which is now often so abnormal—size, it is of exceptional virtue. For, in Sobranie Turkish No. 6 is smoking which really satisfies—an aroma which is rich but never heavy, a full flavour which you can really taste and that quality of all the best Turkish leaf—almost complete absence of nicotine Here then is a cigarette which can cut down your smoking yet give you a satisfaction that you have never known before...

SOBRANIE
TURKISH No 6

made by the makers of BALKAN
SOBRANIE Turkish Cigarettes

THE BEST CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD



STATE EXPRESS 555

For over half a century
STATE EXPRESS 555
have maintained their
reputation as the finest
cigarettes in the world.

THE HOUSE OF STATE EXPRESS
210, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

It's no optical illusion



... but seeing is believing
—especially when you
examine the perfect finish
on a tiny optical pin, made
by Stead.

Whether it is a small pin,
bent pin, large pin or a
special pin for your trade,
STEAD'S can make an ex-
pert job of it . . . they
have made pins of every
description for over 40
years and kept in advance
of modern requirements.

**Think in STEAD
before you
buy**

Telephone: Sheffield 22283 (4 lines)

J. STEAD & CO. LTD. SHEFFIELD 2



"Goddard's"
PLATE POWDER
&
LIQUID POLISH

*Still retain their pre-war
standard of excellence*

*I wish there
were more—*
SPRATT'S
BISCUIT DOG FOODS



The premier
sparkling plug
of the world

LODGE

used in both
British and
U.S.A. aircraft



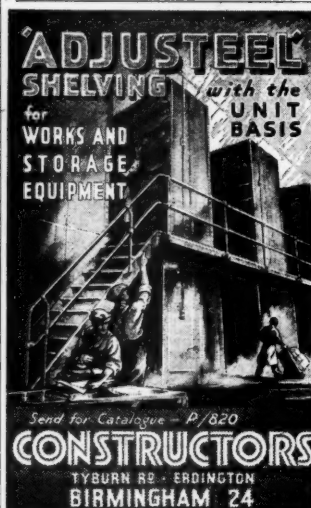
Made by
Lodge Plugs Ltd.,
Rugby, England.



INVASION
means more trains for the
Fighting Forces
RAILWAY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Tri-ang
TOYS
FOR GIRLS AND BOYS
L.B. LTD. London

ADJUSTEEL
SHELVING with the
UNIT BASIS
for
WORKS AND
STORAGE
EQUIPMENT



Send for Catalogue - P/820
CONSTRUCTORS
TYBURN RD. - ERDINGTON
BIRMINGHAM 24

MARKING TIME



THEN ..

A stick in the ground, its lengthening or shortening shadow moving over the sun-lit ground, marked the passing of the day for our ancient forbears.

NOW..

The Ferranti Clock, actuated by the frequency of the current supply, presents what is probably "the ultimate" in time-keeping.

FERRANTI

Clocks

In the very unlikely event of your Ferranti Clock requiring attention send it to the Clock Servicing Department, Ferranti Ltd., Hollinwood, Lancs.



MRS. FAMILIA LARGESSE did not live in a shoe, but she certainly had so many children... She had not only to get them nourishing food — she had to get them to eat it. Body-building potatoes, fresh blood-cleansing vegetables, good (and unavoidable) cold meat! But there's no "Mummy, it's so dull!" now — since she found what Pan Yan — that spicy-sweet pickle — can do to make dull foods tempting and slow appetites lively. Now, things are very different...

Pan Yan

MACONOCHE BROS. LIMITED · LONDON

But, of course, she has a new problem. Because Pan Yan is not so easy to get in wartime. Still, the children are growing up...



A RARE TREAT THESE DAYS



No superlative could convey the truly delightful quality of VAMOUR. Skilful blending of the choice imported wines and Selected Herbs of which it is composed make VAMOUR the vermouth for the discriminating. Regrettably short supply at present, but contact your Wine Merchant—you may be fortunate. Remember, every occasion with VAMOUR is a special one.

VAMOUR

THE True VERMOUTH

Produced by
VERMOUTIERS (London) LTD.
40, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.

BOTTLED VINEGAR
is best
for
pickling!



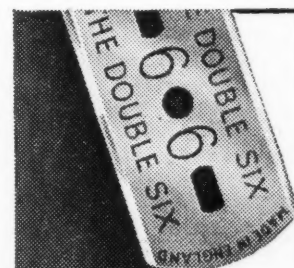
and this is the
BEST BOTTLED VINEGAR

MARMITE

adds flavour
and nourishment
to
War Time dishes

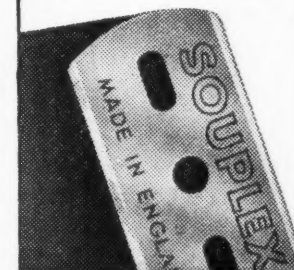


Marmite, the Yeast food-extract, provides vitamins of the B group. It adds nourishment as well as delicious flavour to all Soups, Stews and Gravies. Marmite makes a savoury filling for Sandwiches.



If it's quicker shaving
you want to get
SOUPLEX and DOUBLE SIX
are the winning bet!

★ Millions of these famous blades go to the Forces. Occasionally small supplies are available for the public. Souplex Ltd., Morecambe, Lancs. ★



JAEGER

1. Wool does not become damp like cotton or linen.
2. Wool is a slow conductor of heat and, therefore, is warmer in winter and cooler in summer.
3. Wool ventilates the skin and, therefore, keeps it in good condition.
4. Wool "gives," but goes back, and so makes you comfortable.
5. Wool is the natural, soft hair of sheep for clothing.
6. Vegetable fibres do not possess the qualities of wool.
7. Wool, therefore, is best.
8. See that you really get wool.

REMEMBER THESE FACTS

... and that JAEGER carries Style

'Second to None'

Smoke GREYS CIGARETTES

Better and firmer packed
with honest-to-goodness
tobacco

STANDARD
20 for 2/4

BIG
20 for 3/2



Preparing
to be a
Beautiful
Lady



Ann is off to School on her bicycle—a picture of health, youthful joy and natural loveliness. She washed this morning—as on all mornings—with Pears Soap. Mummy allows no other. For Mummy knows that just Pears Soap and clear water is the golden rule in Preparing to be a Beautiful Lady.

PEARS SOAP

*We regret that Pears Transparent Soap
is in short supply just now.*

A. & F. Pears Ltd.

GG 369/96

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

Whether of man or machine, good reputation is founded upon dependability in service. Certainly in all things mechanical, the safe rule is to buy only the reputable product.



The Ferranti Electric Fire has established itself upon its serviceability over long periods of use. For this reason, owners of Ferranti models, bought 5 to 10 years ago, still enjoy efficient heating. It is a point worth remembering when electric fires are again available.

FERRANTI Radiant Electric Fires

FIRST • FOREMOST • HOTTEST

Ferranti Ltd., Moston, Manchester, 10.

London Office: Kern House, Kingway, W.C.2.

FF231



PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCVII No. 5404

August 23 1944

Charivaria

THAT something extraordinary is going on in Germany is confirmed by the report that the latest meeting of the high-ups was not a crisis conference.

Von Stumpf is described by a journalist as a tried and trusted Nazi. Others of course are just tried.

The fact that the days are drawing in tends to be overlooked now that people have become so clever at working out instantly how many hours sooner it really is than the clock reputes it to be.

A Surprise for All Concerned

"The Sparkhill Sons of Rest have recently completed a billiards competition, and the winner was none other than their oldest member, who was born in the year 1852, his actual age at the time being 91 years and six months."—*Birmingham paper*.



A centenarian recalls a cricketer who used to drape his gold watch and chain on the wicket to show his contempt for the bowlers. We presume that if he had not full confidence in his fellow-batsmen he would refuse to score anything but two runs at a time.

German generals now hang on Hitler's word, or if they don't they do.

"Many clergymen are irritable because of the garments they must wear by tradition," says a writer. We can imagine that in the matutinal adjustment of neckwear there is a certain amount of clerical choler.



A Frinton hen recently laid an egg with a replica of the Ministry of Food stamp on the shell. A considerable time must elapse of course before the egg can be regarded as officially fresh.

Advertisements are now cut drastically in German newspapers, although there are still urgent appeals by the Gestapo in the Wanted columns.

Another Flying Bomb

"The bird that really seems to like cloudy weather best of all is the missile thrush."—*Schoolgirl's essay*.

The Fuehrer is expected to visit France to hearten his troops on the Eastern Front.

"Night-travel is simply impossible these days," declares a reader. But then when wasn't it?

"The scythe is more adaptable than machinery," writes a rural observer. Many men doubt this after trying vainly to master the cut-throat razor.



It's an Ill Wind

THE story that a Kent farmer had all the apples conveniently knocked off a tree he was about to pick, owing to the blast caused by a flying bomb, was so swiftly followed by the headline

BABY'S LIFE SAVED BY A DOODLE-BUG

that I began to think deeply and remember how often what appears to be a nuisance, or far worse, may prove to be a blessing in disguise.

The baby (in case you did not read about it) had turned itself over and was lying face downwards in the pillow of its perambulator. Alarmed by the noise overhead its mother raced to wheel it to some safer place, and was thus able to rescue it from almost certain suffocation. Once more the doodle-bug was doing the good deed for the day.

I began thereupon to collect instances of noble and virtuous actions committed (in spite of their own evil hearts) by unpiloted planes and I found that I had not far to go.

In a very well known part of Southern England I met a very notorious sailor who told me that he had just mixed two cocktails and put them down on the window-sill of his dining-room when the usual commotion occurred. He took refuge with his wife in the passage, and when all was over and the block of flats had shaken as he said "like a jelly," or no, he corrected himself, "like an aspen leaf," they went back to drink their drinks, and found that though the glasses were unbroken and unmoved the power of suction, following the blast, had taken every drop of liquid out of them and spilled it on the floor.

"But that," I said, "was bad, unless you were about to reform. This bomb of yours was practically behaving like a Pussyfoot."

"You might think so," he said, "but later we gave a glass of this gin mixed with lime juice to a friend, and he had to be taken to hospital. It was wood-alcohol of the worst. I shall always count that bomb as the agent of a benign though mysterious Providence."

Another friend of mine had a collection of the ugliest pictures in the world totally destroyed by a similar miracle, while the photograph of his aunt, a most excellent woman, of whom he had high expectations, remained wholly intact.

Or shall I rather tell, now that I have begun to bomb-bore you, of the man whose window was blown in and all his correspondence torn to shreds and tatters by the flail of the flying enemy?

"That surely was a misfortune," I argued in my simplicity.

"No, not entirely," he said. "One of the notes I had written was a letter to *The Times* explaining how W. G. Grace had struck a fast ball at Lord's which totally disappeared from view. The umpire was obliged to give six runs for the stroke, and it was not until a week later the ball was found in the mazes of the Master's beard, where he had not noticed it. Apparently he only combed his beard out every Wednesday."

"I don't see—" I said.

"Well, I don't mind telling you that this story was a downright lie. *The Times* was saved from publishing it, and I was saved from sin."

Or of that other man shall I tell who had just posted a false return of his income tax when the pillar-box to which he had entrusted it was entirely swept away? Or of the man who was blown with his bed and all into the street and woke up in the morning to find that every brick of his

home had disappeared? "I never liked that house anyway," he said with a quiet smile of satisfaction.

His watch, which was under his pillow, had always gained. It was still ticking, but thereafter kept perfect time; I think that must be true, because he has shown me the watch.

And look you how many a hasty speech has been begun, how many an idle word that might have pained the hearer has been left unuttered owing to the arrival of a flying bomb. It is impossible to continue a conversation with a sarcastic smile, or a wounding intonation, when one is lying on the floor with one's head in the waste-paper basket.

From still another part of Southern England comes the story of a man who was flying from an enraged bull when a doodle-bug tossed him gently into the upper branches of an elm-tree, and so terrified the animal that it has never been the same bull, if it ever was, as formerly. Or it may have been a cow. I think it was a cow and from that day onward it has yielded milk of a higher grade than it ever conceded before.

There are people also I find who have begun to like the sirens. They are not happy when sirens are not sounding. Far from enjoying the "merciful lull," as the daily papers are too apt to call it, they became bored and restless and disagreeable, and are only their bright selves again when the air is full of wailing and the skies begin to rattle above. Or they think V2 is coming and that V2 may make a sillier noise than V1.

Myself I am not like this. I am capable of great terror and I shall proceed to relate the story of the worst shock I have received since the curious visitation began. I had been sent to collect some greengrocery in a basket because "the boy had not been." Boys in my experience never have. Suddenly there rose an uproar so tremendous that I leapt in the air, dropping my basket on the pavement. I was not really familiar with that small and rather dingy street, and I thought at first that my head had been blown off and my inside removed. The deafening terror came at me very low down and apparently some fifteen yards away. It was the siren, blowing "All Clear." Even here there was solace for my sudden fright, for the vegetables, including four tomatoes, had rolled far in the gutter. In the depth of my heart I hate tomatoes and can seldom have too few.

Let us never forget, then, that we have all much to be thankful for. Some of the very worst books that might ever have appeared in print have been destroyed by these robots while still in manuscript, and many an article even more tiresome than this has been cut short even as this one, owing to the sudden advent of a flying bomb.

But, before I go under, "A peach tree in the garden of Mr. Owen Bridges, of Albert Street, Southern England, has borne six hundred and twelve peaches," says my morning paper. I know. I know. All of them fell into his lap owing to the action of a doodle-bug.

EVOE.

o o

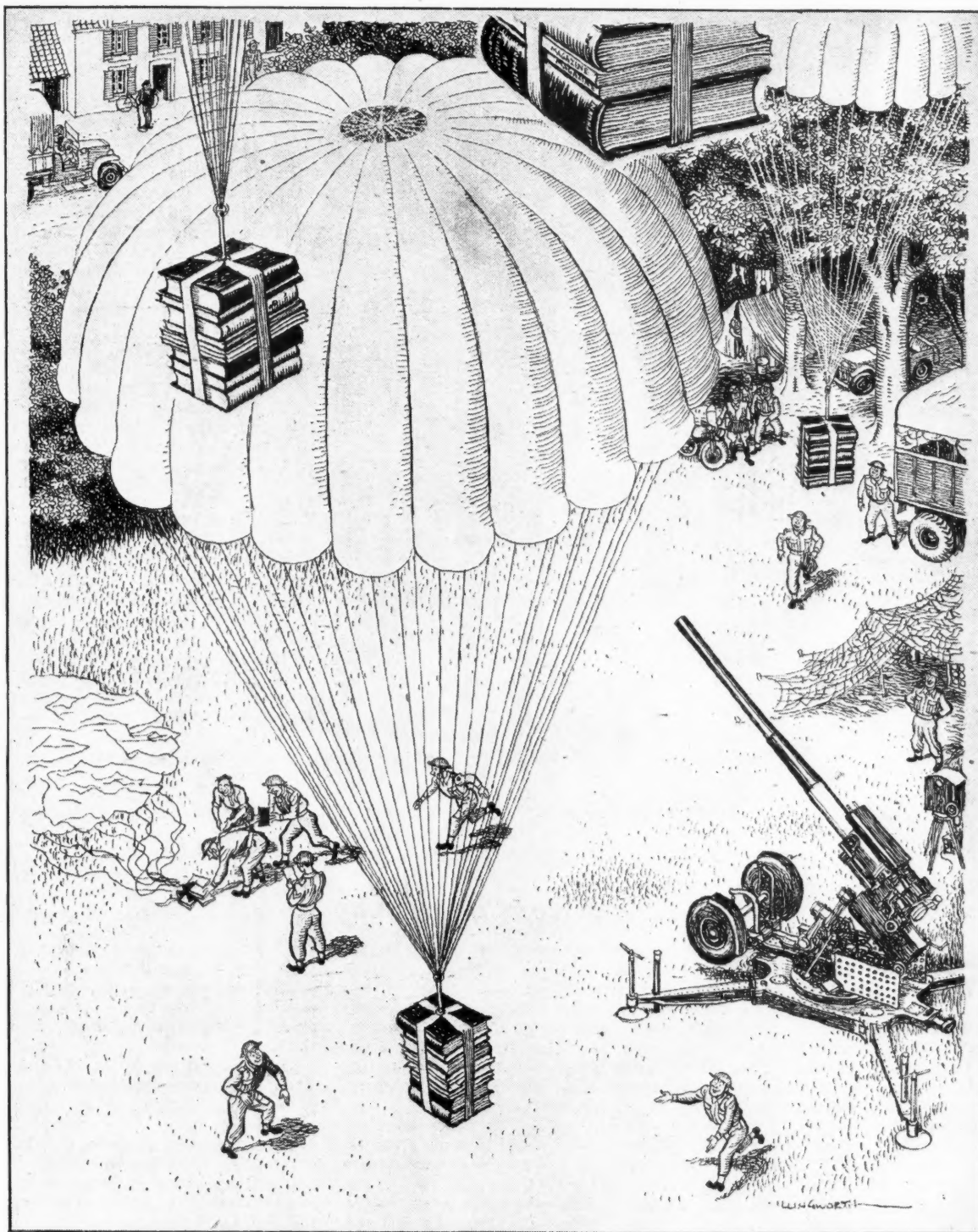
"DIVED TO SAVE SHIP'S MASCOT"

While the officers of HMS — were having dinner as the ship lay at anchor in Scottish waters one night recently, there was an ominous splash outside.

Then the quartermaster burst into the wardrobe."

Evening paper.

Never a dull moment, eh?



MORE BOOKS, PLEASE!

[A renewed appeal has been made by the Prime Minister for more books for our forces overseas. Books can be handed in, unwrapped, unstamped and unaddressed, at any post office.]



Sillince

"You're unlucky, lady—we've just sold the last. Would you mind wiping 'Gas Flint' off the board as you go out?"

News from Normandy

MY DEAR MOTHER,—As you see, I am enjoying an interlude abroad. It is some time since I visited France, and I found the arrangements on this occasion rather more satisfactory than those provided by the Southern Railway. Then there was one boat and it left at a fixed time. Now, I dropped in at a rather dingy office, a flying officer in the R.A.F. looked at my papers, picked up a phone and said "When have you got a ship going out, George?" and twenty minutes later I was on board.

Also there was no charge.

But Normandy looks at the moment as though someone had ordered all the motor trucks in the world to come here and make as much dust as possible. Both projects have succeeded admirably. On the roads you can tell the

dust from the occasional morning fog because the fog is damp and tastes different.

I have been using the roads a good deal. I have been lured back to motor-cycling. There are two reasons for that. I came across a very sporting mount, about fifteen hands high (sorry, I mean about 350 c.c. strong), that seemed capable of being annexed. Also no one would give me a jeep.

But the motor-cycle is undoubtedly the vehicle for these parts. When you have a five-mile traffic block, only a motor-cycle (or a general's car) can drive down the middle of the road between the two lines of traffic. Sometimes there isn't much room, but there is usually an ambulance about, so everything is taken care of, as you might say.

We drive on the right of the road. It is easy to drop into that. Or at least the drivers still extant found it easy to drop into that. Perhaps, as casualties are evacuated to England, the story is one-sided.

There are other kinds of snags. There is a very comprehensive system of one-way roads here, and it is a good plan always to see that your petrol tank is full before you set off. You never know where you will finish up.

I went one afternoon for a little spin in the direction of Caen. The front was then a mile or so beyond Caen, and Caen itself was being policed by Canadians—fine definite men with a great facility for the control of traffic.

My first mistake was when I decided to cross the river to the Faubourg de Vaucelles. How often does idle

curiosity lead one astray. It was easy enough to get across. There are plenty of sign-posts through the rubble heap that is Caen to-day, and the road across the temporary bridge led into a section of the Faubourg that looked (comparatively) undamaged.

Too late did I realize that this was a one-way bridge. I went on eastwards and came to a crossroads. There I was faced with the choice of turning south and going into the Canadian front line, turning north and being arrested, or going straight on east. I went on east.

The next point of interest was a roundabout. There again you had one road that led to Troarn, further east (it was a time when we only held Troarn railway station and I felt that railway stations in the forward area are not always easily recognizable enough to stop at in time), one road led back into Caen (one-way again, and not my way), and a third, which led north-east along the river, was marked "Under Occasional Shell-fire." With a gay laugh I went north-east.

My speed along that road was remarkable.

I was then faced with the problem of recrossing the river to the more homely, or western, bank. I can't tell you how many bridges there are across the Orne, but that afternoon I was prepared to swear that they were all one-way, and not the way I wanted to go.

It wasn't an impossible situation. One knew that as the days went by there would be so many trucks on my side of the river that they would have to change their minds and let some back, and that if I was actually alongside some bridge and not asleep at the time I would probably be able to slip back before the month was out. Again, people will always feed you. Everyone always has some spare biscuits. Water might prove to be a problem, I thought, but then there must be a well somewhere.

The trouble was that I was expected back that night.

However, I did in the end find a bridge going my way. The road to it led across the muzzles of some guns which chose that moment to fire, which is very upsetting on a motorcycle, but I did get back across the river and set course for Caen en route back.

In Caen I found myself in a one-way traffic circuit again and before I knew where I was I was turning on to the bridge across into the Faubourg de Vaucelles which I had crossed those three (or six?) hours previously.

Sobbing slightly, I stopped the

machine and pushed it out of Caen against every form of traffic and waving policeman after policeman aside. I was no longer a vehicle. I was a pedestrian.

At least, the whole incident ensured a good night's sleep.

Your loving son HAROLD.

Chez-nous, Tooting Bec

Café des Billets,
Manchester.

JUST now, about my house, I know
A long-delayed All Clear will blow,
And tired men from shelters creep
Through dawn-lit gardens, half-asleep.

Here through the still untroubled night
We rest unwaked from dark to light,
And go on safe unhurried feet
Along the grim unlovely street:
There women shop and children play
Where sirens punctuate the day;
The milkman and the postman pass
Through tinkling seas of broken glass;
And half in laughter, half in fear,
Brave men will pause and turn an ear
Towards the south. . . . And yet, by
heck,

I would I were in Tooting Bec!
On Streatham Common things are done
To fright the stars and pale the sun;
No man can calculate, bydam,
The decency of Beckenham;
And some have wreaked a dire revenge
On such as lured them into Penge;

Through Croydon, which is mean and dirty,

Men speed at miles above the thirty;
And what goes on at Camberwell
Is past the wit of man to tell;
Fine ladies shriek and hurry by
Rather than wait in Peckham Rye.
In Hampstead, so I'm told, there are
Hordes of the intelligentsia,
And you may meet a poet, or
Be startled by an editor;
While words are used I cannot say
Down Bloomsbury way, down Bloomsbury way.

But Tooting Bec!—ah, there, I know,
The simple kindly people go
Their common ways; and in those parts

Are splendid men with splendid hearts,
Strong nerves amid the ruined walls,
The falling house that sometimes falls. . . .

Say, do the shelters stoutly stand
Still havens in that doodle land?
And do the buses labour still
From Wandsworth up to Brixton Hill?
The trains still rumble, lithe and clean,
From Trinity to Golders Green?
Does Mr. Smith get up at dawn
And 'twixt the sirens mow his lawn?
And do the women hurry through
Their work to join the shopping queue?
Sounds the Alert about eleven
And Raiders Passed at ten to seven?

"Rats are reported in droves in southern districts of Norfolk. A bus conductor stated that he had seen about 100 rats marching along the road and they took no notice of the bus."—*Forces newspaper*.

No request stop?



"No, no! It's only the headlines you're supposed to chalk up."

Lady Addle's Domestic Front

Bengers, Herts, 1944

MY DEAR, DEAR READERS, —I feel almost as though I should apologize for writing this week's letter myself, after the wonderful treat we have been given of Mipsie's romantic and fascinating memoirs. Life for her has ever been full and rich and gay and vivid. She has dared all, never counting the cost—indeed she has often said, with her enchanting, whimsical humour, that she has always left someone else to count the cost.

To-day I am going to write about picnics, because I look on them as so essential and delightful a part of our English life, that they cannot be omitted from any chronicle of meals.

I myself love a picnic of all things, and consider that food tastes twice as nice when eaten *al fresco*. My husband unfortunately feels quite the opposite. To begin with, he has a childish dislike—I would almost say "fear" if I didn't know him to be a soldier and a brave gentleman—of wasps. And though I have made for all my friends pretty and useful little brooches in the form of bunches of grapes, the fruit being made of tiny blue-bags in case of bee-stings, and the leaves tinted lumps of soda for wasp-stings, Addle utterly refuses to wear one, and simply flaps *The Times* (which he insists on taking on a picnic always, thereby, to my mind, completely ruining the idyllic spirit) at the wasps, which only seems to encourage them. "Really, my dear boy," I said to him once, "you're behaving like a child of two." "I wish I were a child of two," he replied, "then I wouldn't have been allowed to come at all."

It is somewhat strange that I should still love picnics, for in my childhood these were often rather formal and alarming affairs—at any rate when my grandmother, the Duchess of Droitwich, was staying with us. She was exceedingly fastidious about everything—not only the scrupulous cleanliness of the spot we chose, but other things had to be considered: the sun, lest it should be too strong for her complexion, which was wonderful, like painted canvas; the wind, in case it should bring any unpleasant farmyard odours nigh. Then there had to be some trees or bushes near by where the menservants could wait—unseen, yet ready to come immediately when summoned. On one occasion, I remember, the search for the perfect spot

continued so long that eventually we arrived back at Coot's Balder at 4 o'clock and ate our lunch on the terrace. My father was much more happy-go-lucky, in fact almost Bohemian, about picnics. He would never mind drinking his port out of a tumbler, and often took only one footman with us on the expedition.

Nowadays, who has time for picnics, I wonder? Old-time, romantic ones I mean. Of picnic food—snatched sandwiches in between war jobs—there is plenty. One friend of mine, Dame Winifred Paddock, boasts that she has had potted meat sandwiches for lunch every day for five years. I am glad to say she has just been given another decoration for her self-sacrificing work. Indeed from the moment she rises at 7.30 till she returns at 8 o'clock to the dinner so beautifully cooked for her by her husband, Admiral Sir Horsa Paddock, her life is almost entirely spent in taking the chair. Sometimes she even takes it away with her from a meeting by mistake, so engrossed is she with the matter on hand. Last holidays, when her two boys came back from Harrow, she did not know them; frequently she does not know on which committee she is sitting till the end of the meeting (for she is chairman of twenty-eight and vice-chairman of seventeen). What man can produce a record like that, I ask?

But to return to picnics, I was quite forgetting our Institute ones, which are still going strong, especially hip and haw, nettle and salvage picnics. For the latter—always nearest my heart—we had a fag-end tea, just outside a camp near Bengers, and had picked up dozens of useful cigarette ends and cartons, when we were rather rudely banished by a sentry. There was also a very successful scrap-metal outing in our woods, with an amusing sequel which I will relate.

We were just going home with a good, but not outstanding, collection of oddments, when one of our most energetic members came running up to me: "Oh, Lady Addle, we have just found a splendid lot of galvanized-iron bins. The others are bringing them along." At that moment more members arrived carrying, to my dismay, several of the new pheasant-feeders which Addle had proudly installed just before the war. However, I couldn't disappoint the members by telling them to replace them, and they were not in use now of course,

so we put them on the handcart and took them back to Bengers. Of course the first person we met was Addle! His jaw dropped at sight of us, but before he could speak I cried gaily: "Isn't it wonderful, dear? We've done so well for salvage! We're just going to weigh our lot at the stables, and the Council will call for them in the morning." My husband said nothing, realizing from my words that the die was cast.

That night I slept badly—perhaps I was tired from the day's exertions, or perhaps I was a little worried about the pheasant-feeders, though Addle had said no more and seemed quite cheerful all the evening. Anyway, in the middle of the night I thought I would fetch my knitting and started downstairs. To my surprise, the light was on in the hall, and looking over the banisters I could see my husband and Crumpet, our butler, descending the last few stairs, carrying something between them. As I waited, breathless, I heard Addle say:

"We must get the weight exactly right or her ladyship will find out. Don't forget, Crumpet, *she must never know.*"

I stole back to my room, my heart warm with loving gratitude to my dear husband, who, rather than distress me, was evidently sacrificing something of his own for salvage.

It wasn't till months afterwards that I found out that he had disposed of some jappanned trunks I had in my trousseau—never used, I know, but of some sentimental value. But I suppose one can't expect men to be sensitive about such things. M. D.

o o

This Talking at Breakfast

I WONDER who audits the accounts of the League of Nations?"

"The League of Nations is defunct."

"The nations may be, but not the League. I don't see how it could be until ALL the members are fighting each other."

"There *may* still be four or five countries patiently paying their annual subscription of five shillings, or whatever it is, in the pathetic hope that so long as they keep up the payments

there must be something to come in the end, the League being to them a sort of Prudential, I mean."

"But if it *were* defunct we should surely have had an official winding-up . . . a statement of accounts . . . and perhaps a dinner."

"I suppose you want to know what has become of the kitty."

"I do."

"I hope you are old enough to know that if you play poker with the kind of people who suddenly kick the table over and shoot out the lights it is no use politely asking afterwards if anyone has seen your chips."

"The point is I have been told that two years after war began Great Britain was still paying her annual dues to the League."

"Whatever for?"

"I suppose as an inducement to the smaller nations to keep things going. They had been told it was sort of protection money, like bookies pay race gangs, and we were anxious they should not stop paying just because we could not provide the protection."

"You have certainly put your finger on a neat point, old man. I am beginning to wonder myself now where the profits really are."

"Let us assume the whole thing was just one of those round games in which you all 'ante up,' and then people gradually drop out until only a few are left in, and the pool goes on accumulating, till eventually one player succeeds in scooping the lot. You might say that Turkey, Sweden, Portugal, Spain and Switzerland are at this moment just about to deal the last hand, and we are all out of it."

"Don't forget Eire."

"Oh, I think we may as well. Most people have done, and the rest certainly will."

"There is a very good chance of Turkey dropping out next."

"I know. Then comes the time for the others to judge whether it will profit them more to chuck their hats in the ring now, just in time to be included in the prize-giving on Peace Day, or to stay in the League and collar the kitty."

"In which case they are certainly entitled to know what the kitty is worth."

"And that is why I ask: Who audits the accounts?"

"I wonder if they set up a Reserve Fund with a view to reopening business after the war?"

"Now, *really*! Even Horatio Bottomley *surely* couldn't sell that one again!"

"But it was only a sort of club, and there are always people who will join



"Start off with, say, a saturation raid on Kiel and then lead up to the float chamber sprocket of our Bigley Carburettor."

any new club, just for the sake of using the notepaper. When I was at school there was a craze . . ."

"Yes, yes, I know. And so there was at my school. Unofficial magazines, and frightfully exclusive sets. But do you know what I found most profitable? As soon as someone I didn't like formed some stinking club I hurried round and formed another club consisting solely of people who didn't *wish* to join his. The clubs that are anti-something are much stronger than those that are for it."

"You suggest, then . . .?"

"That there may quite easily be an attempt to form another League of Nations. There's bound to be some business man who thinks it a new idea. But whether he does or not I

think we might start a council or something consisting of the nations who have *no* wish, thank you, to join another League. Indeed the fact that they had no liking for the League would be the sole qualification for joining."

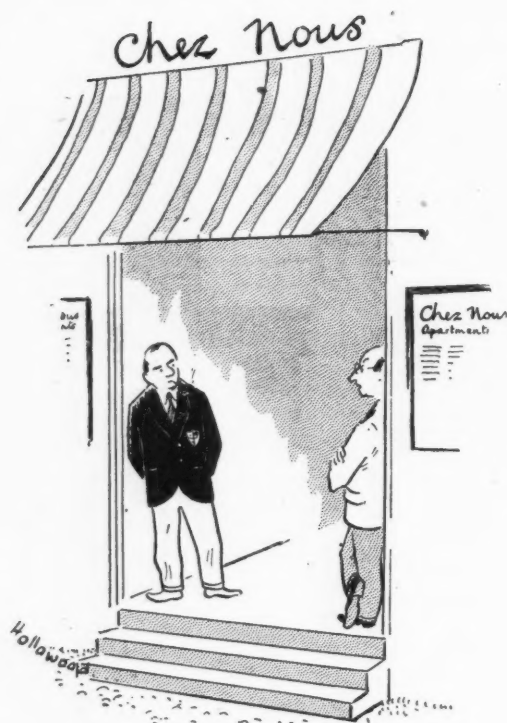
"I see. Only what would your council meet to discuss?"

"What became of the profits of the other one."

"I do feel just a little sorry for the one poor little country who did stay in the game to the very end and did take the kitty. I mean it would seem a little hard to all band together now against Switzerland."

"Ah, but it may not be Switzerland. It might be Eire!"

"Oh, good! Certainly, then! Here, take my entrance fee now."



"We've been full up ever since this 'holidays-at-home' idea began."

WHEN WINTER COMES

WHEN Winter comes, and come it must,
Our simple sailors put their trust
Not only in their daily tot
Of Navy rum to keep them hot,
Nor wholly in the morning gin
To hold the central heating in.
Though alcohol procures a glow
Does it rebuff the ice or snow?
Can artificial stimulants
Compete with heavy under-pants?
The answer's in the negative.
It's only woollen goods that give
Complete protection (which they need)
To naval ratings (Nelson's breed).

So up, ye knitters! Up, and knit
A scarf, some gloves (and see they fit),
Sea-boot stockings, helmets, too,
As long as they're in Navy blue.
But if you lack the wool, or skill,
Please write a largish cheque and fill
It in to PUNCH'S COMFORTS FUND;
Address it "Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4." And may we plead
That he gives twice who gives with speed?

Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

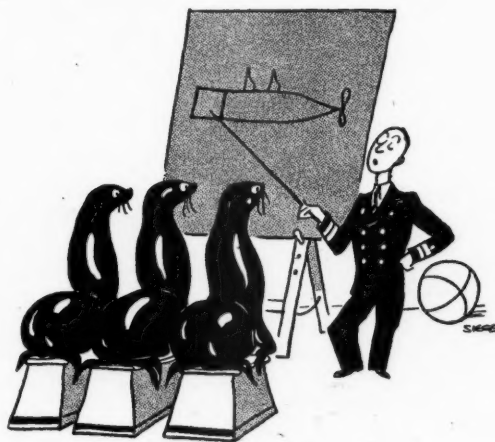
Novels

IN accordance with my policy of sometimes writing about the higher level of life and sometimes not, I shall to-day deal with the novel, which has a place in both worlds and counts as either literature, like George Moore, or something to do when it's raining, like turning out a cupboard. Critics go further and call the novel an art-form, but I don't think we need bother about that. They only call it this so as to say it is declining, and all they mean when they say a thing is declining is that there is too much of it.

The novel may be defined more exactly as the longest book it is possible to write about one lot of people at a time. This may make it very long indeed because you will find pole-sitters in this as in any other branch of human effort, but the length of the average novel, statisticians assert, is one and a half inches thick counting the covers, which they admit don't count. This gives both novelist and public a sporting chance, novelists having a sporting chance of writing a novel absorbing enough to get read at what critics call a sitting, and the public having an equally sporting chance of reading it at a sitting so as to boast what a good book they have just read. The size, as opposed to the length, is five by seven and a half inches, and a new novel has a paper jacket over its covers. This jacket is interesting because to the public it expresses the novelist's opinion of the novel; indeed the public secretly likes to believe that the novelist drew it. A jacket can be plain, that is, decorated with lines and squiggles, or it can have a picture which the public will from experience brush aside as of no real consequence; unless the picture runs from back cover to front, bends and all, which will afford the public much mild pleasure by subconsciously reminding it of those biscuit-tins disguised as motor-vans which it used to get at Christmas. The inside flap of the jacket contains a short burst of praise which the public sees no point in, because anyone reading the inside flap is about to read the novel itself, so that further salesmanship is wasted. Psychologists step in here to remind the public that the inside flap is aimed at people who read novels at bookstalls, and they would like to hear the public deny that. The flap, they explain, is an appeal to the public to play the game and hand its money over. That the public does not play the game may be excused by the public's traditional belief that it is the bookstall man's face, not the inside flap, which it is battling against, and it has to be a pretty contorted face before they give in.

What, then, makes people buy novels—I mean modern novels? Statisticians have been busy here. They say that in the first place no one need ever buy a novel because of lending libraries, but, also because of lending libraries, anyone who keeps a book out till its costs exceed the price of the novel will be well advised to buy the novel to save face with the library. The only motive behind buying a book in the ordinary way is, statisticians think, sheer daredevilry. The trouble with buying new novels is that the public cannot tell if it wants to buy one until it has read it, and when it has read it it will naturally not want to buy it, because that is what it would have bought it for. When a novel ceases to be new, things are different. It ceases to be new when it goes into a ninepenny reprint, and becomes a classic when it is referred to wistfully by critics who are reviewing something else. Then the public is safe in buying it.

Now for the contents of the average novel. It is difficult to sum them up, because no novel is quite the same as



"And then you attach this to the bottom of the German battleship."

any other. But it is fair to say that all novels are about people. The people are not quite like ordinary people, however hard the novelist tries. For one thing they do not begin every sentence with *Erm*, or *Well*, or *both*. For another, there is a definite understanding among the people in a novel that some of them shall be the main characters and some subsidiary. This is not like real life, where all the people know themselves to be the main character, though ready to admit that most other people are subsidiary. Another curious point about novels is that things nearly always come right after going wrong. In real life it is just as likely to be the other way round. Nevertheless, such power has the novel over human nature, most people live their lives under the hazy impression that they are in a novel, and a pretty good one at that.

There are lots of different types of novels, and experienced readers can usually classify a novel by opening a page at what critics call random. If they get a laugh from both pages—for it is impossible to open a novel at random at one page without also opening it at the page opposite—then they can be fairly sure the novel is fairly funny. I do not mean that they need actually *laugh*, as long as they feel their ears move. It is also easy to tell an historical novel, because if, as sometimes happens nowadays, the characters speak in modern English, there will be all the more likely to be bits of atmosphere like stage-coaches on every page. It is rather interesting that, while human nature automatically recoils from historical fiction—perhaps because it feels it is back at school—it is quite often impelled to read it, perhaps for the same reason. Present-day novels fall into two classes: smart and realistic. Smart novels are when the characters live on the Riviera before the war, realistic novels are when the wallpaper has marks where pictures used to hang. Both kinds can be told at a glance, partly from the author's choice of names for the characters.

Detective novels are in a class by themselves. They can be told without even a glance, because by the time the public buys them they have green covers. They conform strictly with the rules. First, the chief character will have

a strange effect on readers, making them feel that they ought to have been introduced to him but haven't. When, a few lines later, they find it stated that he has considerable private means, they will realize what is up. This character has appeared in other novels by the same author, and it has to be explained why he has the free time to do it. The next rule observed by detective stories is that there shall be a point in the plot when the average reader gives up worrying and, deciding to take the author's word for it at the end, concentrates rather pathetically on sidelines like dialogue and human interest. Another rule is that certain significant-sounding incidents mentioned early in the book shall turn out later to have no significance, thus surprising the average reader, who hadn't noticed them anyhow; and a final rule is that people may borrow, that is take, ninepenny detective novels off one another with a remarkably free conscience.

Now for a word about the romantic novel. The purpose of romantic novel-reading is often defined as escapism; it gives people a chance, we are told, to get away from their everyday lives into a magic world of make-believe; and so on. The public does not altogether accept this, for it has found that if there is one thing which accentuates everyday life more than another it is looking up from its magic world of make-believe and remembering that it has forgotten to put the salvage out.

Our Claudius

WHEN Hamlet's father slept and Claudius
Poured poison in his ear, long was that slumber.
But when Joyce tries to do the same with us
We turn a knob to get another number. ANON.





"'Urry along, please! Two inside and four on top."

Pibroch of Donald Dhu

(With apologies to the shade of Sir Walter)

"Arrangements are being made for whisky distillation to be resumed."—Ministry of Food announcement.

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Hot up the Highlands!
Sing them the Mountain Dew,
Pride of our islands;
Set your most gifted
Pipe-majors a-trilling;
The Government's lifted
The ban on distilling.

Our foes as we smite 'em
Are fast disappearing
And here's the next item—
And not the least cheering;
So go to it, Donuil,
And pipe yourself silly

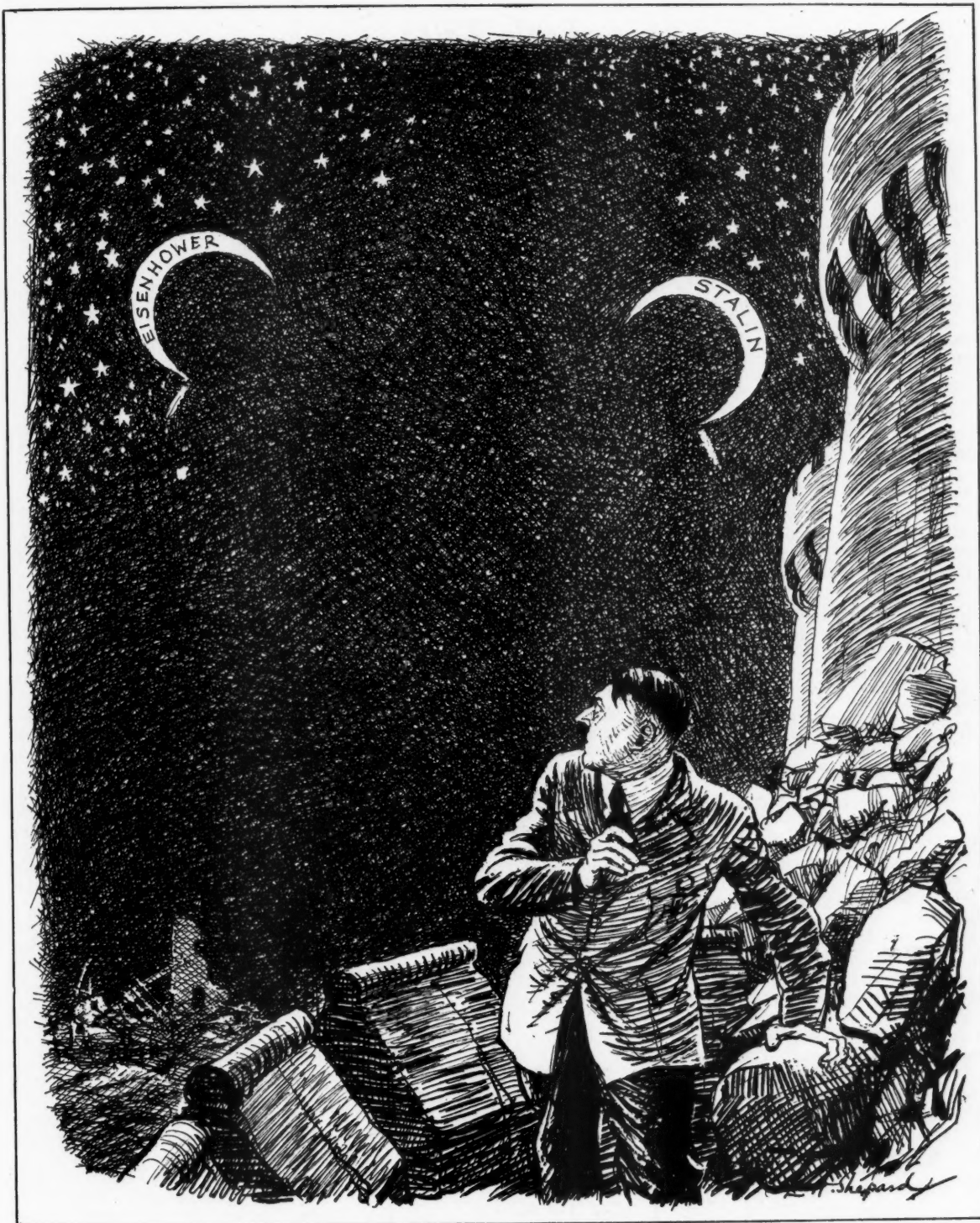
With a hey and a honnal
And hooch for the stillie!

Tell them in Campbelltown,
Tell them in Skye of it,
Let the land up and down
Ring with the cry of it;
Whisky to make again—
Would you believe it!
Spey shall awake again,
Lossie and Livet.

Tell all the waters
The stuff has its fount in,

"Listen, ye daughters
Of mist and of mountain;
Gone's the abhorrent
Decree that disgraced you,
So come like a torrent—
No longer we'll waste you."

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Up and be blowing,
Stoke the old fire anew,
Get the still going.
All's running for us
And naught's contradictory . . .
A wee deoch-an-doruis?
A double—for Victory! H. B.



THE SECOND SICKLE

Little Talks

GOOD MORNING, Happy Land-ing.

Hullo. You again? Can't you leave a horse in peace?

I have come for an interview.

You have interviewed me quite enough.

I hear that you have been over to France.

Oh, yes. That was a fortnight ago. I went the day after the Prime Minister.

Was your journey really necessary?

Well, it was made at the desire of the C.-in-C. So I regarded it as an order. He wanted to see me about certain matters.

May one ask what?

No.

Oh. How did you cross?

Flew. In the General's plane. Left London about tea-time and got to the battlefield in good time for dinner. It's an extraordinary war.

Your first flight?

Of course. I must say it was quite a thrill to fly over the convoys and the Beaches. And we came down in Southern England to pick up the General's washing.

Did you see the famous caravan?

Yes. I saw several. As a matter of fact I slept in one of them. Delightful. They have electric light. Charming surroundings. Blue sky. Birds in the trees—

And no doodle-bugs?

No. The two nights I spent in Normandy were the first uninterrupted sleep I'd had for eight weeks.

Was anything arranged about you drawing the caravan?

No. I was horrified to find that they all have motors. "Self-propelled", if you please!

What about carrying the General into Berlin?

Well, I raised the point. But I must say "the Chief", as his staff call him, was a little sticky about it. After all, he said, he'd driven into a great many captured towns already, he'd always done it in his wretched old Humber, and he saw no reason to change. One of his staff said that the Tank chaps wouldn't understand it if he rode a horse. I replied that most of the Tank chaps were ex-cavalry, and they'd like it. But it was no good.

You didn't continue the argument?

One doesn't continue an argument with the Chief—for long. But I was a bit sick, I can tell you. You see the Chief likes to have animals about him. There were those four blessed little dogs tumbling over each other on the camouflage nets—Hitler, Keitel, Rommel and

von Bock. There were two cages of canaries. There were the rabbits—

Rabbits?

Tame rabbits lolloping about in the fern, following the batmen round! The place was more like a gipsy encampment. The one thing lacking was a grazing horse.

Too bad. Did you see anything of the battle areas?

Oh, yes. A charming young A.D.C. took me a tremendous ride in a jeep. We did about one hundred and fifty miles. Bayeux, Caen, over the Winston Bridge—or the Churchill Bridge, I forget which—then up to the "airborne area" where the wrecks of the gliders lie. That was a wonderful sight, a heroic sight. I saw two which were ordered to come down in a particular corner by the bridge. Trees, telegraph posts, and pretty rough ground. But they did it. And there they are.

Wonderful.

Then we went to the top of Mont Pinçon, where our guns were making much too much noise for a high-strung horse; but it was a wonderful view.

Did you see the Germans?

We saw where they were, but couldn't see a sign of them. You see, there are no trenches, and if they lie low behind hedges and things there might not be a war on. Well, then we drove for miles and went over the Orne into the new bridgehead. I claim to be the first race-horse to cross the Orne.

Jolly good show. What were your chief impressions, Happy Landing?

Dust. The dust is inconceivable. The traffic is tremendous, and in the British area pretty congested, especially near the line. Everyone dashes about as fast as they can, and sometimes the dust is like a dense fog. There's a vast lorry bearing down on you and you can't see it five yards ahead. And it's amazingly prehensile dust—I can't get it out of my

coat. Some of the poor traffic police were almost invisible, just pillars of dust.

Any traffic jams?

Very few, considering the narrow roads and the devastation. Everything is wonderfully organized. "Tanks this way—wheels that." Road-signs every few yards. "Verges checked"—"Verges not checked"—

Checked?

For mines. Rather disturbing that, when a great tractor pushes your jeep off the road.

Did you see any horses?

Two dead ones. I don't believe there's a single horse in the Allied armies.

Shocking.

I told the Chief, if there's nothing else we can do, you could give us a few watering-carts.

Very reasonable.

We drove with him through some of the "liberated" places—Aunay-sur-Odon, Caumont, Villers Bocage—where they had to put the bombers on. You never saw such destruction. The General was rather grim about that. "This, you see", he said, "Happy Landing, is what happens when we 'liberate' a place. It ceases to exist. In the last war it took us two months to reduce a French town to that condition. Now, if I have to call up the bombers, it's done in fifteen minutes. That, by the way, is the remains of the War Memorial of the last war."

Terrible. But it's not all like that?

Oh, no. You can drive for miles without seeing a scar anywhere. Even Caen is better than I expected, though the far end was well and truly "liberated".

The cathedral is intact, I believe?

Yes, that's a miracle.

Or the R.A.F.?

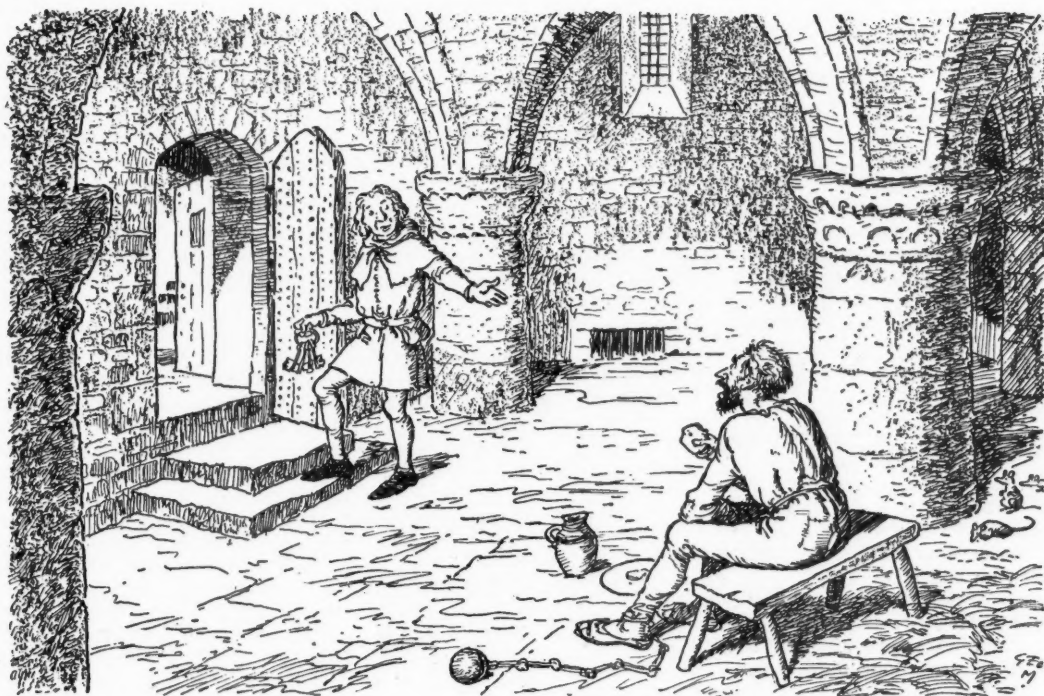
True. We saw William the Conqueror's tomb. It says—"Normandiæ Dux et Angliæ Rex". "Angliæ Rex"! Quite correct, of course, but it gave me quite a turn.

They'd better make the General the Duke of Normandy, to square things up. I suppose you couldn't give me a pen-picture of the General?

Well, no. I can tell you, it was an inspiring thing to ride behind him through the country—if only to see the way the troops saluted him. Nothing perfunctory about that. Every chin went up as they did it—half-naked, dusty road-makers and all. In fact, each man seemed to want so much to make his salute something special that I saw contortions I never saw before. It made you realize what saluting's for.



J.W. TAYLOR



"And in case of a siege you ought to be thankful you are safe from everything except a direct hit."

Would it be correct to liken him to Cromwell?

Not a bit. He has far too much of a sense of humour—and humanity. He doesn't drink himself, but there are all the usual refreshments in the Mess—when they can be got. Indeed I was delighted to find that he has a vice.

Nonsense!

Only a little one. They have a Betting Book in the Mess—you know, private bets, about the end of the war, the taking of Cherbourg, the next Prime Minister, and so on; and the General's name is fairly frequent.

How does he bet about the end of the war?

That I am unable to reveal. But as far as I can remember, his bets on that theme are always negative.

Against the dates of the optimists?

Yes.

Was he confident?

Very. He gave me a rough sketch of future events—past events now. But he didn't talk about "traps". He never said the Germans were "in the bag" or "faced annihilation". He simply said "It will be very interesting to see the outcome".

Are there any bets about Happy Landing in the book?

I am proud to say there is at least one. I have backed myself an even ten shillings to win the St. Leger. Though, as I said to the General, I would much rather lose the money.

How can that be?

"Sir", I said, "I would much prefer to draw a water-cart for your great Army."

A. P. H.

Epistle from East Africa

To D. Sargent, Esq.,
Frozen Store and Amazing Grader.

MOST HONOURED SIR,—
Having heard through rumour that there is a vacancy in your office for office clerk or tallow clerk, I hombly beg to submit this my application for the post.

As regards my qualification I sat at Waa School for three years or more but owing to no teaching of Cool Store procedure these was wasted and now I feel qualified for a job on your staff.

My home was near top of Kilimanjaro and therefore I am well used to

frigid climate such as your work. You locally known as frozen Sargent to distinguish you from others bearing same name and title both civil and military I pray that there is still some not frozen marrow in your bones to give ear to my humble plea. In re salary this is not important I only require enough to keep myself and my multifarious family and satisfy their clamourous needs pension and war bonus please God will follow us in this case if well esteemed civil servants.

You being a large familyed gentleman will know how I am placed. I am Christian and can therefore work among your pigs and other meats.

If I am successful in my application to obtain this post God damn it old Sir I will do my best and utmost to give satisfaction in as owing to my aforementioned snow born childhood I feel very competent to cope with your frozen insides.

God bless your honoured sir and your venerable wife. May your issues be fertile and multiply exceedingly as has already been astoundingly shown.

I have the honour to be sir,
Your obedient servant,
MWELE s/o MBANBA.

Table-Talk of Amos Intolerable

VIII

ONE of Amos's more irritating characteristics has always been that he is able, when some improbability is spoken of, to produce from his pocket some small object proving that so far from being improbable it is really a fact. The frequency with which he finds it possible to do this of course indicates that his possession of the object was what moved him to start the conversation about its improbability in the first place, but we could hardly ever catch him out. Thus there was once a discussion, no doubt prompted by him although none of us could afterwards remember, about bus-tickets numbered 0000. Most of us agreed that the existence of these was very unlikely, suggesting to Amos (who artfully allowed it to be inferred that he rather thought he had seen one once) that his hasty glance had overlooked or misread one of the digits. When more or less general agreement had been reached on this point, he produced a small grubby notebook and took from its pages an indubitably genuine blue bus-ticket of the 96 route, punched in hole number 18, and bearing the serial number Ea 0000.

But when he had made his effect he would not bother to defend it. Another time he murmured: "Well, personally I was always of the opinion that looking for a four-leaved clover was just about as sensible as searching on playing-cards for a four-lobed club."

Here he paused, and several of the company expressed emphatic agreement, one jeering very derisively indeed at people who believed in four-leaved clovers. At the end of all this Amos puffed out his cheeks in an effort to look cherubic, put both hands in his pockets, said "Till recently," and brought them out again holding in the right a four-leaved clover and in the left a six of clubs on which five of the clubs had four lobes each.

"What about this one?" we said, pointing to the sixth club.

Amos carefully retrieved the card and the clover and then said "I ran out of Indian ink."



"It is at such moments as this," Amos said once as we all sat listening to the approach of a flying bomb, "that I wish I were in a cartoon-film. In a cartoon-film, where the worst that can happen to you—whether you're run over by a steam-roller, or smothered under tons of water, or hit in the eye by a succession of red-hot rivets, or split in half by an axe—is that you may be momentarily stunned. And even then you see a lot of pretty stars."

When Amos arrived and took his place at the table looking more than usually preoccupied we knew that he had just overheard something and was trying, as it were, to rationalize it, so as to be able to quote it after a pompous philosophical introduction. The type of thing one usually does overhear being what it is, the anti-climax was often considerable; and occasionally he even recognized that it would be, and cut short his introduction.

Thus he once very solemnly began "It is curious to reflect that a conversation between intimate friends may be conducted in phrases and sentences not only utterly meaningless in themselves but also . . ."

Here he paused and said "Ah, the hell with it. I just heard a couple of girls talking and one said with extraordinary contempt 'Ow, you're talkin' about the wassname, not the thingummy,' and the other was properly abashed."

Asked for his opinion of something about which he did not feel deeply, Amos would often reply "Lymphatically no."

After a long period of silence, one quiet evening, during which he had been sulkily brooding over the barmaid's apologetic but firm statement that she could offer him no short drink but orange gin, he suddenly sprang up and peered over the bar to where she was sitting and snarled "There you sit, knitting fit to wake the dead—"

In fact she was not even knitting but only sewing. When she drew his attention to this he observed "My comment seems to have touched reality at even fewer points than I intended," and came back to the table with what for want of a worse phrase I have to call his good-humour quite restored, on the way kicking the pub cat with almost his usual abandon.

A casual bar acquaintance proved to be a pedant who annoyed Amos a good deal by pouncing on odd words in his talk and making remarks that began with the ejaculation "Ah! but—". After he had done this a few times Amos happened to use the word "fortify," and the man bounced suddenly in his chair and said "Ah! but do you mean the metaphorical fortify or the literal fortify?" "Neither," said Amos in a grating tone. "I mean the fortify that comes between forty-four and forty-six."

"Possibilities of great interest," Amos said, "are revealed by the purely mechanical process of spoonerizing titles, well-known titles. Think of the popular best-seller about slum life, 'Forte' Barber and the Alley Thieves! Think of the racing-and-South-African-diamonds thriller, *Lady Van Der Meer's Win!* Envisage the *Ode on a Green Urchin!*"

R. M.

The New Order in Industry

IF an apology is needed to readers who found my last article dull, it is gladly offered. The truth is that when I wrote "Are We Slipping Into Peace?" I was unsure of my facts, had no dictionary handy and was just a little, perhaps, out of my depth. But please do not invite a devastating counter-attack from my vitriolic fountain-pen by criticizing what follows. It is straight from the horse's mouth.

Early in May of this year the Minister of Production asked me, as Welfare and Industrial Relations Officer of the Snacker and Diplocket Small Things Co. (1928), Ltd., to try to step down production in three of our largest departments. The invasion preparations were completed, huge stocks of equipment had been collected, and to ease the problem of post-war disposals the Government were anxious that every effort should be made to curb our productive activity. I immediately called a meeting of the Joint Production Committee and made the following suggestions:

1. That hours of work should be reduced forthwith.
2. That night-work should be abolished except for those who could produce a doctor's certificate providing proof of albinism.
3. That the canteen should stop doctoring tea and coffee.
4. That "Music While You Work" should be suspended and whistling barred.
5. That the workers should be lulled into a sense of security and encouraged in wishful thinking.

This programme was received enthusiastically and adopted unanimously. Within a week I hoped to be able to report to the Ministry that our output was falling rapidly and that we were well behind schedule. For five years I had striven ceaselessly to keep every man on his toes and every woman on her mettle. My task was done. I smiled as I had not smiled since 1939. I felt that a great weight had suddenly been removed from my shoulders. It was the end of an epoch.

I tried to recapture the spirit of the pre-war years and one by one my little self-indulgences crept back. I resumed my chess contests with the cashier; I went across to the "Four Bells" for morning coffee; I caught the early train home.

And then on the fourth day I

realized that I was living in a fool's paradise. On my first tour of inspection under the new order I became aware that the workshops were uncommonly crowded. Every other face seemed new or only vaguely familiar. Absenteeism had become a thing of the past. There was a new spirit abroad. The works doctor reported a clean bill of health and a complete absence of industrial fatigue. The statistics department announced an alarming increase in the tempo and total turnover of production. Things looked black.

It was a moment for swift decision. I called an extraordinary meeting of the J.P.C. and placed the facts before them. There were glum faces when I announced the drastic revision of our programme. Hours of work were to be doubled and perhaps trebled (even if

it meant exceeding the normal duration of a day); "Music While You Work" was to return with a new and stronger supply of decibels; more vitamins were to be put in canteen meals. . . .

The Ministry of Production was delighted with the results and would have rewarded the workers with a week's holiday had I not vetoed the idea in the national interest.

I have taken the trouble to make this case-study known to a wide public because I believe that it holds the key to the solution of many problems. We have discovered a great truth. That work is not all that it is sometimes cracked up to be. In short we have discovered that so far as work is concerned a little goes a long way. Put that in your pipes and smoke it!



At the Play

"KEEP GOING" (PALACE)

THE new Palace revue manages to keep going—but only just. It was a brave idea to stage it on these troubled nights; yet, while acknowledging this, we have to admit that the merry-go-round often falters, and that the revue (directed by Mr. CHARLES HICKMAN) lacks something in style and pattern. Possibly it is too even-tempered. "The malice of a good thing," said Lady Sneerwell, that obvious authority, "is the barb that makes it stick": too few of these songs and sketches have been set down in malice. Although the B.B.C. is assailed—Broadcasting House must always be an ample target—the only other victims are the Censor (this, at the very start of the evening, is perhaps Mr. CYRIL FLETCHER's happiest appearance) and Miss Phyllis Dixey, the châtelaine of the Whitehall, who is treated very gently indeed. Much the better of the two knocks at Broadcasting House is the parodying, in "Works Wonders," of the amateurs' half-hour from the factory, with its stars new-risen over bench and canteen. Mr. FLETCHER and Miss PHYLLIS MONKMAN are broadly comic here as the factory's own gipsy minstrels—saddest when they sing—the unlikeliest of choices for those interminably jolly ballads of the wind on the heath and the joys of the open road. The other B.B.C. sketch, "Radio Agincourt," is as dull as most semi-Shakespearean skits: with Miss HERMIONE GINGOLD, the wasp of the Ambassadors, as part-author, we had hoped for something better.

Much of the comedy depends upon Mr. FLETCHER and Miss MONKMAN. Mr. FLETCHER's humour, like saffron cake (especially the "utility" version) and haggis, is an acquired taste. He has the trick of singularity; but his vocal contortions, like his bright-eyed lighthouse manner, soon pall. Too often "all that's spoke is marred." He can be very funny—as the Censor in a stage-box, bursting with synonyms for sin; as one of the planets of Works Wonders; and as the operatic tenor without his notes but with all his marionette-gestures. By now, though, the Odd Odes are getting tedious: Mr. FLETCHER is surely too adroit a comedian to waste himself for ever on such material as this.

Miss MONKMAN, that neat-handed PHYLLIS, is equally unfortunate in her matter, though her manner, as always, is admirable. The authors have been

far from kind to this bold and resourceful comedienne. We remember her red-haired barmaid in "Farmers' Glory," one of Mr. NICHOLAS PHIPPS's less-inspired sketches, from which Miss MONKMAN extracts an able burlesque in the Baddeley-Gingold mood. She partners Mr. FLETCHER exuberantly as the other Works Wonder; her dauntless prima donna, all words without songs, is brisk fooling; and she even contrives to keep her "Air Mail" monologue from becoming an embarrassment—none too easy a task, for the text (by Mr. PHIPPS) is sometimes a trial. Towards the end of the evening Miss MONKMAN has another slice of broad comedy in "Gone to Ground," a Tube-shelter sketch which apparently needed three authors and could have done with a fourth. We must not forget the song of Helen of Troy: Miss MONKMAN sings this with the utmost point, but the number—with its sharp lyric by Mr. PHIPPS—is in the Ambassadors Theatre style and hardly suitable for the wide spaces of the Palace.

On the whole, Mr. DESMOND DAVIS's "Violetta" is the best thing in the revue. A potted opera with everything but the music, it is a crazy-week affair, neatly-written and ending in the Pyramus - and - Thisbe vein with a mound of four corpses instead of two. On the sentimental side *Keep Going* has the usual allowance of moonlight-and-dreams; there is one oddly effective number called "Memory Knocks at the Door," by Miss BETTY ASTELL, who has "devised, written and composed" the revue (with the aid of various collaborators); and Mr. BILLY TASKER has a useful piece of sentiment at Rainbow Corner as an American who constantly misses the boat. Mr. TASKER, given the material, can be a pleasantly rueful comedian, a "most magnanimous mouse." There are other alert contributors: Miss ASTELL herself, Miss ROBERTA HUBY, who sings and dances trippingly, especially in "Blue Print" and "Oh, Dear! What Can the Matter Be?" (at which, the other night, a siren sounded dead on its cue); and Miss LULU DUKES, a charming young dancer who scores a personal hat-trick in the little scene called "Chapeaux." Miss ROMA MILNE is an agreeable presence, and the chorus is unwearied: many sweet sprites the burden bear. Even so, we are left feeling that the revue, as a whole, is a strangely flavourless production which needs more vinegar and pepper in it.

It was certainly a mistake to have included "Early One Morning," a picture of Henry the Eighth on Richmond Hill while Anne Boleyn is dying

in the Tower. The Henry is a lightweight—no Hal could be less bluff—and the scene, so out of key with its companions, merely reminds us that Mr. CLIFFORD BAX once showed the remorseful King supremely well at the end of *The Rose Without a Thorn* (on that occasion the Queen was Katheryn Howard). In its revue setting the *Keep Going* sketch is a rather trying superfluity. Still, as one of Barrie's people said, "It's grand, and you canna expect to be baith grand and comfortable." J. C. T.

At the Doodle-Ballet

THEATRE doors may be closed by bombs, but neither blitz nor doodle-bug can long discourage those who trip it as they go on the light fantastic toe. And the votaries of Terpsichore will follow the Muse's twinkling feet however heavily their own may be trampled on in crowded buses; they sacrifice their corns as cheerfully as their lunch upon her altar.

The Ballet Rambert are for a season at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. Their first-night programme began with *Les Sylphides*, but *Les Sylphides* so compressed to fit the tiny stage that even the full moon on the backcloth was squeezed into the shape of a Rugby football. The dancing was as good as the cramped quarters would allow, but the vaporously-clad sylphs lost much of their airy enchantment by being too obviously concerned to avoid colliding in mid-air or leaping over the footlights into the orchestra-pit.

FREDERICK ASHTON's *Capriol Suite* is as well adapted to a small stage as *Les Sylphides* is the reverse. Here are buxom nymphs in Tudor dresses of rose-pink and pearl-grey revelling under a blue sky in boisterous folk-dances among which is set as a graceful interlude a Pavane, with a scornful lady in a white coif who rejects alike the nosegay of one lover and the title-deeds of broad lands which the other lays at her feet. The music is by PETER WARLOCK. There was also ANTONY TUDOR's *Jardin aux Lilas* (to CHAUS-SON'S *Poème*) in which a girl on the eve of her *mariage de convenance* to a man she does not love tries despairingly to elude her fiancé and the crowd of guests to snatch a farewell kiss from her lover among the darkened lilac bushes. This is first-rate, both as a ballet and as a representation of the fevered romanticism of CHAUS-SON. SALLY GILMOUR, in a clinging white dress and with gardenias in her hair,

strikes just the right note of passion and tragedy in the rôle of the heroine. The programme ended with *Czernyana*—a bright and entertaining divertissement by FRANK STAFF danced to some of the studies and exercises under which so many generations of aspiring pianists have groaned.

There is also lunch-hour ballet to be seen at the Cambridge Theatre, given by the dancers from *A Night in Venice*. Their repertoire includes the *Commedia dell' Arte* ballet from that operetta, and other items devised by PAULINE GRANT.

D. C. B.

Memo to Editor

SIR,—On behalf of Mr. Tingle, agent, I am bringing to your notice what kind of treatment is being meted out to our candidate I. Bounce in the course of his long

campaign, and we know the *Guardian* has always stood up for such things. First, on going to talk at Tattleton Mr. Bounce was assailed with questions written by some organization, they must have been because they were all the same and referred to the candidate's nose impolitely. This is not politics, it is disfigurement. Did our fathers go down in history so that we should go down farther? Another thing Mr. Tingle thinks is going too far is when the lower classes at Lipperton Springs spring a surprise on Mr. Bounce in the shape of a trap-door used for village pantomimes just when he is telling them what he will say when he goes down to Westminster.

As for Hawbury-cum-Bilbury, it may have been a mistake when somebody thought Mr. Bounce's car was the conveyance sent to collect swill, but it was not a nice one, and if there is any repetition it will mean an expensive cleaning job for somebody. There

are still some out of work in our midst, but Mr. Bounce is the best one to represent their interests so long as they show an interest in something besides horse-play, only there are others again who throw Mr. Bounce's dog interests in his face. He wants it to be known once and by all that his holding of a part share in a stadium does not mean that he is the controlling factor of a shady deal, and Mr. Tingle is up in arms on this matter because he has laid out several sums to cover people's track risks and resents broadsides from busybodies that cut two ways.

Any more innuendoes about his track and he will take it up with the temperance people.

J. TINGLE,
Press Sec.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



"Paging Private Watson. Paging Private Watson . . ."



"Sorry, Sir—the only thing in French we have left is a key to some exercises on the infinitive."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

A Commonwealth Rousseau

MR. LEONARD HAMILTON has made a selection from the political writings of Gerrard Winstanley (*THE CRESSET PRESS*, 7/6), one of the leaders of the Digger movement of 1649-1650. After the execution of Charles I, the left-wing Puritans expected a complete renovation of society. The Levellers, as they were called, consisted of a political group which stirred up trouble in the Army, and a social group, led by Everard and Winstanley. While Cromwell was shooting the Army malcontents the social Levellers marched to the hills near Cobham and began to dig the waste lands there and plant crops, hoping by their example to persuade the landowners of England to surrender their estates and join in communal production. They caused some local alarm and irritation, but were not taken seriously by the Army command, and the movement soon dissolved. In his introduction Mr. HAMILTON sets a high value on both the style and the contents of Winstanley's political writings. Winstanley's social and religious beliefs resemble those preached a century later by Rousseau. He held that man was corrupted by society, and that if he returned to the land and lived communally he would recover his lost happiness. Believing in an earthly paradise, shortly to be realized, he dismissed as "a strange conceit" the expectation of a City of Zion above the skies, "wherein there is all glory, and the beholding of all excellent beauty." The eyes of the people, he says, were beginning to open, and they were becoming like "wise-hearted Thomas,"—who believed nothing but what he saw reason for. As evidence that the modern mixture of rationalism and utopianism already existed among the Puritans of the Commonwealth, all this is interesting enough. But that Winstanley's pamphlets contain "some of the finest prose which even

the seventeenth century produced" will occur only to those who share Mr. HAMILTON's admiration for Winstanley's thought. As part of his argument that human nature, before it is corrupted by possessions, is good, Winstanley says that children are "innocent, harmless, humble, patient, gentle, easy to be entreated, not envious." To Mr. HAMILTON this inaccurate and flatly-expressed statement is of the same order as Traherne's memory of his early years, when "the corn was orient and immortal wheat . . . I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting." The best that can be said for Winstanley is that he writes like a wise-hearted Thomas, but Traherne's prose is that of a man who "saw something infinite behind everything." H. K.

Baptism of Fire

There were twenty-seven Irish Jesuits in Hong-Kong and Kowloon when the siege started in December 1941. They had schools, a college, a University hostel and a seminary for Chinese priests, and "neutrals" though they were, these were their war-posts. *Jesuits Under Fire* (BURNS, OATES, 10/6) does relate that when finally captured they tried out their Eire passports on the unimpeachably correct Japanese, only to be told "England, Ireland, Scotland all one piece." During the siege "all one piece" was the rule, and billeting refugees was the official task assigned to the Jesuits. It meant collecting panic-stricken, destitute, wounded people over shell-swept roads into large "target" buildings; and this job, ambulance work and hospital duties gave the scattered priests all the opportunities, corporal and spiritual, they coveted. Civilians fared worst, they felt, in modern warfare; and mobs of male and female looters, armed with meat-choppers, were more formidable than the Japanese. The twenty-seven priests all amazingly survived, and their respective experiences have been collected and related by one of their number, Fr. THOMAS F. RYAN, S.J. It is perhaps a defect of its self-effacing and corporate spirit that the book might have been more effective had each man told his own story. H. P. E.

Lots of Money

Time was when six and sixty covered wagons, each drawn by eight horses, waited day and night in instant readiness to carry the Bank's bullion away out of reach of Napoleon's armies threatening massacre and loot from across the Channel. About one hundred and forty years later the Bank's half-yearly Court of Proprietors was held deep underground in the vaults for a somewhat similar reason. In the meantime, as before and after, the work at Britain's financial nerve centre went on without a break. Mr. REGINALD SAW, in *The Bank of England: 1694-1944* (HARRAP, 9/6), traces a progression that has a kind of inevitable quality about it, as if the expansion of the Bank were a thing organically inseparable from the world's growing up to the responsible handling of an estate. It would seem, on his showing, as little sensible to rail at the great institution as to challenge the change from simple barter to the complexity of any monetary system. Without ever becoming very technical or trying to argue for any particular theory the writer has at least a little to say about a hundred financial conundrums that vex the uninitiated. He knows, and tells us in a glossary, what is meant by a Fiduciary Issue, a Managed Currency and the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. His whole volume gives a most proper impression of immense security founded on wisdom, impregnability and immemorial architecture, and he caps it with a tale of a sporting kleptomaniac who once contrived to steal the Bank's front-door keys. C. C. P.

War Hath Her Victories.

The fens are perhaps the only part of England where some sort of corporate intervention is needed before a farmer can farm. The big mediaeval abbeys did their own drainage; but when Charles I and Vermuyden came to the rescue dereliction had already returned. When Mr. ALAN BLOOM bought Priory Farm, Burwell, just before the war, reclamation had almost vanished; his land was eight shillings an acre—with buildings thrown in; and it was not until he found the fen, practically undrained and subject to heavy drainage charges, couldn't be given away that he realized the hopelessness of his task. Luckily for him the war intervened, and with it that sudden awareness of the value of home-grown food that overtakes a hungry proletariat deprived of its cheap imports. This, his own persistence in badgering authority, and authority's amazing readiness to help retrieve the situation, saved *The Farm in the Fen* (FABER, 10/6). The exploit is vividly interesting, but its spectators were not always as appreciative as the King and Queen, who came to Burwell in 1942. A more characteristic visitor was the Cambridge scientist who missed his favourite flora but expressed the confident hope that once the war was over the swamp would reclaim its own. H. P. E.

Politics in North Africa

Mr. JOHN MACVANE'S *War and Diplomacy in North Africa* (ROBERT HALE, 15/-) deals with the Allied landing in North Africa in November 1942, the six weeks of Admiral Darlan's co-operation with the Allies, and the campaign which ended with the German collapse in Tunisia. The Darlan episode, which has not yet been overwritten, is well described by the author, an American war correspondent, whose praise of the campaign on its military side is balanced by his strong disapproval of the French policy of the State Department at Washington. The fact that Darlan, nominally on a visit to a sick son, was in North Africa at the time of the Allied landing appears significant to the author, especially in conjunction with the fact that General de Gaulle was informed of the landing only after it had taken place. Darlan's appointment as head of the French Government in Africa was justified on the ground that it had Marshal Pétain's approval. A day or two later the Marshal broadcast a denunciation of Darlan as a traitor, an attack which Darlan treated as evidence that the Marshal was no longer a free agent. After some weeks of Darlan in control, Mr. MACVANE, in a censored broadcast, said "If you were to go out and shout 'Vive Roosevelt' or scratch 'Vive de Gaulle' on a wall, you'd be asking for trouble." Darlan's assassination cut the knot of an extremely tangled situation, nor did Mr. MACVANE find among the British and Americans in Algiers any signs of the general indignation officially reported to the outside world. H. K.

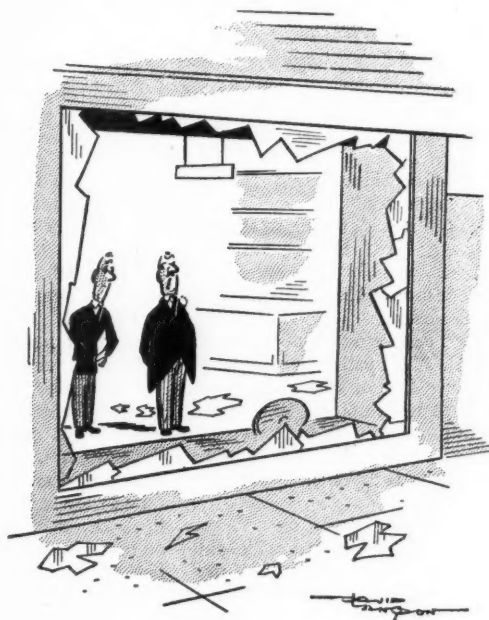
A Number of Things

In *Men Behind Victory* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6) Mr. DONALD STOKES tells a great many things that most of us must want to know about the scientists and technicians who are helping to win the war, and gives final answer to the perennial grumble that "somebody ought to do something about so-and-so." The book is divided into sections, and each of these has a headline instead of a chapter-heading and is written in unpretentious style. Four of the sections have been broadcast as informative radio plays. The heading—"Baby Boy Helps Our Tanks Invade" may be puzzling to mothers until they read that in answer to a naval officer's broadcast appeal for snapshots "from

Boulogne to Fiji, from St. Malo to Honolulu," a Surrey mother sent an album of snaps taken on holiday near Casablanca, and these included one of a baby boy in surf, his bolder sister waist-deep and his father up to the neck in water. That photograph showed the slope of a beach and helped American tanks to land there later. There is an astonishing chapter on plastics, another on magnetic mines and one on the work of Sir Nelson Johnson who, as Director of the Meteorological Office, can "say 'No' to Army and R.A.F. plans." B. E. B.

Canada, Ancient and Modern

Inhabited Canada is no more than a long thin ribbon, some four thousand miles in length, from Halifax to Vancouver: north of that ribbon the country, it would seem, can never support a large population. So says Mr. W. H. CHAMBERLIN, in *Canada, To-day and To-morrow* (ROBERT HALE, 12/6), which aims at interpreting the Dominion to his fellow-countrymen in the United States. The author lays stress upon Canada being Anglo-French. Cartier and Champlain, indeed, founded the colony and for a century and a half it remained French. The American Revolution, curiously enough, strengthened indirectly the British regime, sixty thousand staunch loyalists, driven out of the U.S.A., finding refuge across the border. In 1867 came the Confederation of the various provinces, previously independent colonies. Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, were the original members. Manitoba was added in 1870, British Columbia a year later. Then came the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, a long and difficult business, carried through at last to a triumphant conclusion and welding the Dominion into a more or less consistent whole. Mr. CHAMBERLIN's title is a little misleading, as his Canada of To-day is really the Canada of 1942, but his book is no doubt useful to readers in the United States who, as he says, are not too familiar with their northern neighbour. L. W.



"Turn out our 1941 'Blasted but Defiant' showcard, will you, Hensby?"



"I wouldn't mind staying on in the Service after the war provided of course no one ever referred to me as a veteran."

High Level

AND another thing," said D., "is the telephones." "Yes," I said, trying to appear self-composed, "I'd been wondering about those."

There were four of them, all different colours and shapes.

"Nobody can ring him direct," explained D. "All calls have to come through you. But of course he must never be kept waiting, and the people who ring him mustn't be kept waiting either, if they're the sort of people he wants to speak to; you'll appreciate that."

"Oh, rather."

To tell the truth I was a trifle out of touch with telephones. On my recently-vacated and more humble desk the only one had been a dummy, borrowed from the G.P.O. for demonstration purposes.

"If a call comes through on this

one," said D., "and they want to speak to him, press this push and he will lift his receiver and speak, but naturally you won't put anyone through that you don't think he'll want to speak to. Of course if it's the S. of S., or even the P.U.S. of S., you won't hesitate."

"Rather not. Quite so," I said.

"Now *this* one," said D., "is for ordinary outside calls, which you can either deal with or refer to other departments. It may happen of course that calls for him come through on it; they sometimes do. In that case, flash the switchboard to change over on to this one, or that—preferably that, because on that one you can speak to him without the caller hearing. Yes, I'd better explain all about that one now."

"Thank you," I said.

A bell rang shrilly.

"Which one's that?" I said, a flutter of panic seizing me—"the green one?"

"It's a red one," said D.

"But there isn't a red one."

"Come into the passage," said D., adding after a moment or two, "here she comes . . . there she goes." He led the way back. "Yes, now about this one. It has a four-way control-switch, you see. Make sure it's always in position 'C,' otherwise calls will go straight through to him. Now, let's suppose a call comes in. You answer it—may be old Faunthurst, say—"

"Do you mean Viscount Faunthurst?"

"Yes, or anyone like that. He says he wants to speak to him, you see. Now in a case like that you wouldn't hesitate—wouldn't ask him what he wanted, or anything, just bung it straight through."

"Quite so," I said. "How?"

"Perfectly simple. Push your control-switch over to position 'B' and press the shiny button. That rings his bell. When he answers, you just say 'Viscount Faunthurst' or 'Sir Willerby Trannion' or whatever it is; he'll say 'Yes,' and you shove your switch over to position 'A' and they go ahead. While they're talking a little yellow shutter shows just *here*, and as soon as that goes black you know he's finished. Then you must on no account forget to put the switch back to position 'C,' otherwise everybody gets him and nobody can get you. Clear on that?"

"Yes, yes, thank you. I—hrrrm!—what is position 'D' for?"

"Ah, yes, I must tell you about that. If he wants you to get a number for him he'll buzz you on here—don't confuse it with the buzzer that waggles the indicator *there*"—I screwed my head backwards and upwards—"because that means he wants you in his room. This buzzer is the phone buzzer. When it goes you have to put the switch to position 'D,' otherwise he can't speak to you. He may say, for instance, 'Get me through to M.M.R.S.B. (9)e,' so you find out the number, put the switch to position 'C,' ask the switch-board for it, when it comes through switch to position 'B,' tell him it's through, switch to position 'A' and let them speak. It's advisable to listen to the conversation, because you may hear him in difficulties over some figures or something; then you can wedge the receiver under your ear, ring up the office on the next phone, get the file down, or whatever he's talking about, and rush it into him so that he can have the information at his finger-tips. He'll expect you to do that, as a matter of fact."

"He will? I see."

"Oh, yes. Well, I think that's all. Oh, there's just this other one. This puts you straight on to the office when you press the push, and they come direct through to you on it."

A bell rang shrilly. I skipped deftly into the windowless passage.

"Hey, where are you off to?" demanded D.

"I'm sorry," I said—"I thought it was the . . . I mean, I'm not quite used to all the bells yet."

D. had snatched up one of the telephones, apparently at random. "Yes . . . yes . . ." He made a hurried note, which I tried to read over his shoulder. I wanted to learn all I could. It was only scribble, and looked to me like "Flowers and Fish." D. sighed. "Yes . . . if I possibly can, yes . . . Good-bye, darling."

"The main thing," said D., "is to keep your head. Remember that you may get the most frightfully important people—some even more important than him, I mean." He jerked his head towards the great oak door. "Be quite calm about it. Just announce them and put them—"

A bell shrilled. Simultaneously a bus roared overhead, missing badly.

"—and put them through," continued D., as we returned from the passage. "Well, I shall leave you to it. I'll come in again presently and show you about opening the letters."

He smiled briskly and disappeared. I sat looking at the four telephones.

The sirens sang a beautiful sustained song.

A bell rang shrilly.

The telephones sat there, guarding their secret smugly. I picked up the nearest. "Number, please," it said. The next one said the same. By the time I had reached the fourth the caller must have been getting impatient. "King, here," said the voice.

"W—who?"

"King," said the voice.

With damp fingers I pushed the control-switch to "B". "The King, sir," I whispered, and pushed the switch over to "A." I fell back weakly in my chair, my eyes fixed on the little yellow shutter. It soon went black. I wiped my brow.

A buzzer buzzed, and the indicator over the door agitated itself furiously. I took three deep breaths to calm my nerves, knocked on the great door and stole in. I was seeing him for the first time.

"I don't know why," he said absently, "you should think I want to

speak to the Clerk of the Works about cracked hand-basins. I should have thought somebody else could have done that, really."

I said I was sorry.

"Never mind. Why haven't I had my cup of tea?"

"Er—" I said.

I stole out.

J. B. B.

Conqueror's Land

THIS is the earth of our welding days;

Here, where our gun-sites stand,

Must the ghosts of the mailed arrays,

Riding before us to walled Falaise;

This is the Conqueror's land.

Hard by our flank are the waves of Dives

Washing the mine-sown sand.

Here there are voices, as some believe—
Weeping of women that wars bereave . . .

This is the Conqueror's land.

Yonder we battle for Argentan,
Orchards on either hand.

East, up the river, lies proud Rouen,
There, in the valley, the bones of Caen . . .

This is the Conqueror's land.

Over the road of the questing lance,

Bowman, and roving band,

Chivalry, spurring again for France,
Breaking the toils of circumstance,

Strikes from the Conqueror's land!



"Bless my soul, when I was your age I had to look after the whole of England—you've only got the Straits of Dover to bother about."

Cinemas

"It's very odd," said Lieutenant Sympton as we strolled out of the Zion cinema in Jerusalem, "that the only place abroad where the soldier really feels at home is inside a cinema. When the lights have gone out and the picture appears on the screen one completely forgets that one is in Durban or Cairo or Jerusalem or wherever it happens to be. Deanna Durbin and Popeye are the same all the world over."

"Very true," I said. "In fact I have noticed over and over again when I came out of one of these foreign cinemas that I forgot that the traffic goes on the wrong side of the road, and very nearly got run over."

"And coming out of the cinema," added Sympton, "it always strikes me as queer to see people walking about the streets in their night-dresses, or riding on camels or in rickshaws, as the case may be. Mentally, one is back in England. The cinema is such a boon to the soldier that it makes one wonder how Napoleon and Alexander and all those other old-timers got on before it was invented. I mean to say, morale must have been awfully difficult to keep up."

I asked Sympton which, of all the cinemas he had attended since he came into the Army, he considered the worst.

"Kirkby Abbot," he said at once, and I nodded. El Mugga ran it close, but Kirkby Abbot undoubtedly held first place. My mind flew back to the

cobbled streets of a little Westmorland town when Sympton and I were simple sappers. It was in the early days of the war before welfare got such a firm grip, but old Colonel Fuster believed in giving his men a treat, and he hired a cheap projector and installed it in the local assembly rooms. He had three films only. One was an old one of Charlie Chaplin's, very vulgar and quite funny, another was a travel film about Syria, and the third was one the Colonel had taken himself when on holiday in Devonshire. Performances were given every Sunday evening at 8.15 and so we turned up the first time that the R.S.M. made it a parade by saying, with the straightforward simplicity that endeared him to us so much, "I can't tell you that you've *gotter* come, but if you don't, 'eaven 'elp you to-morrer."

Opinion was divided as to whether the agony was greater when (as rarely happened) the films ran through without a hitch, or when the projector broke down and the Colonel filled the intervals with racy anecdotes of his youth.

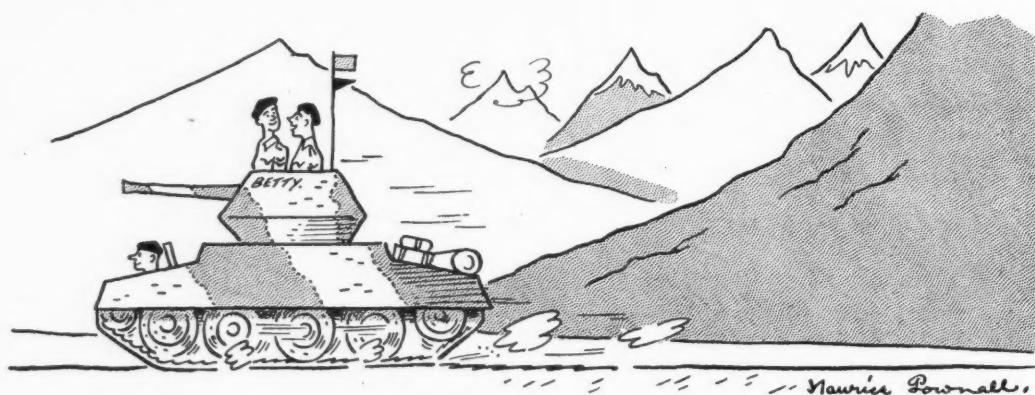
"But El Mugga was pretty bad," I said. "Welfare sent down a projector and a film, but the operator was taken ill, and Captain Hollyhock said he would work it. He did it admirably, except that in some mysterious way he got the sound-track thirty seconds behindhand so that everybody said, quite literally, the wrong thing."

"Durban cinemas were pretty good," said Sympton, "except the cinema with the amazing grill-room where we used to stuff ourselves so full of food before the film that we always went to sleep, however good the film. In a long life largely devoted to the pursuit of the perfect rump-steak, I feel no hesitation in saying that the only time I nearly reached the *ultima thule* was in the grill-room of that Durban cinema. . . ."

"Cairo cinemas were not bad," I said reflectively, "if you chose carefully. In summer, of course, most of them are open air, and it is not sufficient to examine the programme of the one you are actually going to visit, because they impinge on one another. Several of them are so close together that the one with the film that makes the most noise is the only possible choice. To go to see *Pride and Prejudice* at the Astral, for instance, is mere folly if *Daredevils of the Sky* is at the Queen's, because every time the planes of *Daredevils of the Sky* go into a dive they obliterate the quiet conversation of *Pride and Prejudice*."

"The Naafi mobile cinemas are pretty good," admitted Sympton, "and then of course there is Shafto . . ."

But the rest of our conversation would almost certainly be censored, and as ink is almost more difficult to obtain than beer at the moment, it seems best not to waste it.



"So THOSE were the Alps!"

NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper.

The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



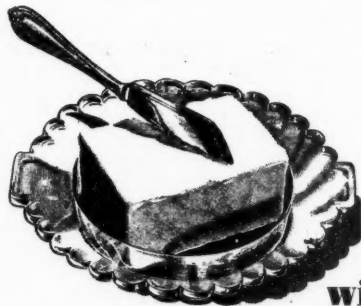
As easy to make as a cup of tea

says OLD HETHERS

Since you cannot buy Robinson's Barley Water in bottles for the time being, you will do well to take Old Hethers' advice and make it for yourself from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley. The simple directions are on the tin; and if you cannot get hold of a lemon or an orange for flavouring, use the juice of stewed or tinned fruit; honey or jam.

Barley Water from ROBINSON'S 'Patent' BARLEY

CVS-28



**What has
butter
to do
with paint?**

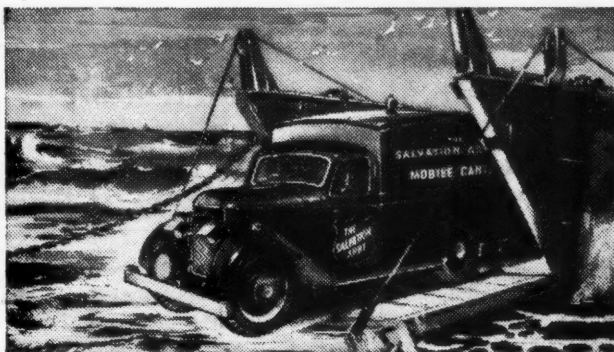
Rancid butter will eat into any paint not designed to resist it. That is the reason the scientists at Jenson & Nicholson Ltd. use rancid butter to test paints which are used on refrigerators, meat safes, and other things that come into contact with fatty foods. This is just one of those precautions taken by Jenson & Nicholson Ltd. to ensure that nothing but the best gets into the paints that bear their name—the sort of practical test every Robbialac paint and varnish has to undergo. That is why products of our laboratory don't need "buttering-up"—they prove themselves in use. To-day, they are demonstrating their mettle on the field of battle—being used almost exclusively on war work. But when peace returns, whether you want paint for refrigerator plants or refrigerators, kitchen equipment or kitchens, you will find Jenson & Nicholson Ltd. will have the product to meet your need.

JENSON & NICHOLSON LTD.

ROBBIALAC PAINTS

LONDON, E.15

WHERE THERE'S NEED —



IN NORMANDY NOW—

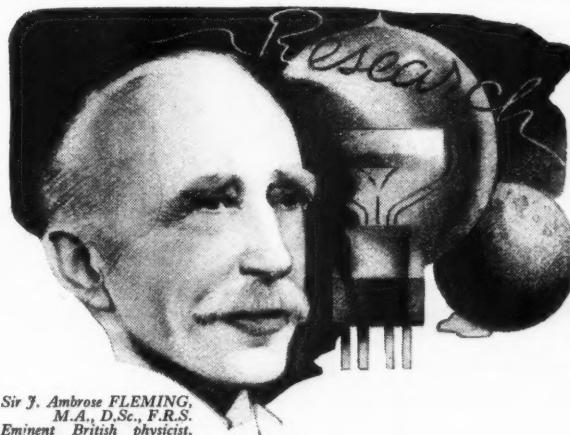
The Salvation Army Mobile Canteens are serving the Forces in France. More Canteens, Clubs and Hostels must be established as the men advance. There's a big job to do! Please help us to do it.



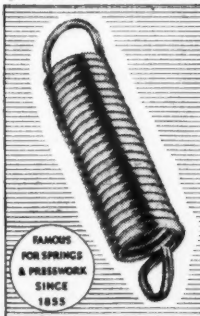
PLEASE SEND YOUR GIFTS TO-DAY TO
GENERAL CARPENTER
101 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

THERE'S THE SALVATION ARMY!

THE ARMY THAT SERVES ON EVERY FRONT



Sir J. Ambrose FLEMING,
M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S.
Eminent British physicist,
mathematician, electrical engineer. Inventor of the thermionic valve which alone made modern radio possible. Has unique distinction of having been awarded the Kelvin Medal in G.B. and the Franklin Medal in U.S.



RAMONS
FOR SPRINGS
& PRESSWORK
SINCE
1855

Research . . . Brilliant Research work in many branches of electrical science has been the keystone of Sir Ambrose Fleming's outstanding contributions to telephony and radio. In the development of Spring steel and Spring design, upon which countless mechanisms depend for their efficient working, Research in the Terry laboratories has also revolutionised "the science of Springs." To-day engineers and designers recognise that consultation with Terry's in the earliest stages of design is indispensable if time is to be saved and risk of mechanical breakdown is to be avoided.

TERRY'S for SPRINGS

HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD., Redditch, England
Also at London · Birmingham · Manchester



The skies are bright

The skies are bright for youngsters brought up in the certain hope of British victory, and nourished on Britain's famous COW & GATE Milk Food.

When the enemy has been overcome, we need not fear for the stamina of our new generation.

Thanks to COW & GATE.

©3275

COW & GATE
MILK FOOD
"Babies love it"

The perfect partnership!



QUALITY & ACCURACY

CRANKSHAFTS
CYLINDER GRINDING
CYLINDER LINERS
CRANKSHAFT
GRINDING

HEAT TREATMENT
BRAKE DRUM LINERS
NITRIDING
CARBURISING

*Satisfaction through
Craftsmanship.*

PRIORITY ORDERS ONLY

LAYSTALL

The Motor & General Engineers
LIVERPOOL LONDON WOLVERHAMPTON

Head Office: 53, Gt. Suffolk St., S.E.1. Phone: WATERLOO 6141

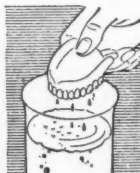
*Even to-day
—no trouble
to keep
false teeth
clean*



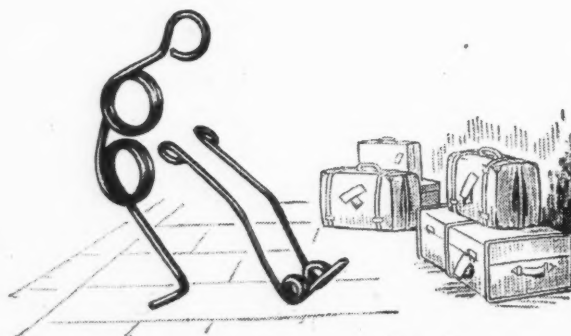
NO MATTER WHAT inconvenience you must endure in wartime you can still keep dentures perfectly clean and wholesome this new easy way. Simply place them in 'Steradent' solution while you rest. With its effective, harmless action it removes all film and stains, cleans every crevice, completely sterilizes false teeth. Try 'Steradent' yourself. You will be delighted with the healthy 'feel' of really clean dentures in your mouth. You can obtain 'Steradent' from all chemists.

HOW TO DO IT

Half tumbler warm water.
'Steradent'—the cap of the tin full. STIR. Steep dentures overnight. Rinse well under the tap.



Steradent
REGD



....really necessary?

— the journey, no! Efficiency — yes, even under the most strenuous working conditions. The consistent performance of our springs and pressings has been a vital contribution to the development of industry during the last forty years.

THE TEMPERED SPRING CO LTD
ATTERCLIFFE ROAD, SHEFFIELD, 4



3 reasons for using Harpic to clean the lavatory



1 EASY TO USE

To clean the lavatory, all you need to do is sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good idea). Then flush.

2 THOROUGH

Harpic's cleansing action is thorough and effective, reaching right into the S-bend at the back. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you *don't* see as well.

3 DISINFECTS AS WELL

Not only does Harpic remove all discoloration—it cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes the whole pan.

HARPIC

SNAPSHOTS NEW & OLD

Post your Films & Negatives to—

Will R Rose LTD.

23 Bridge St. Row
CHESTER for Developing
"MAGNA PRINTS" and Enlargements

Hamleys
HAMLEY BROTHERS LTD

200-202, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1
(OUR ONLY ADDRESS)

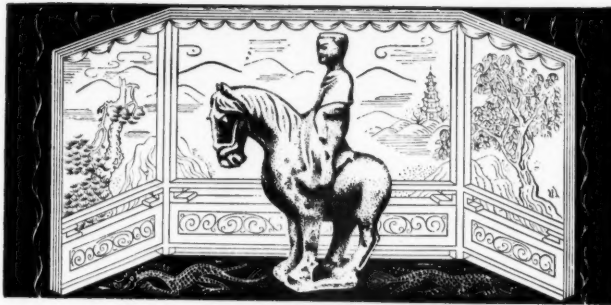
Still the finest toy shop in the world

**USE this
Medicinal & Toilet
Soap every day for
SKIN HEALTH & BEAUTY**

Cuticura Soap gives your skin a mild but thorough antiseptic cleansing which clears away blemishes and restores radiant youthful loveliness.

**Cuticura
SOAP**

HEADACHE
BANISH IT WITH
Cephus
THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY



Chinese horse typical of the T'ang period

FLYING MONEY

Fei-Tsien—Flying Money—the ancestor of the bill of exchange, was invented in China in the seventh century. It provided a means of transmitting money from place to place and thus assisted in developing trade and travel in China's vast territories.

The Emperor of the T'ang dynasty who originated this method of payment little knew he was sowing a seed which would grow into a highly specialized financial system enabling nation to trade with nation.

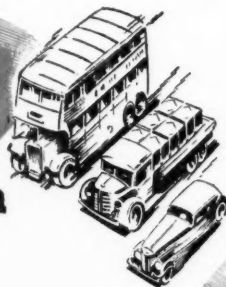
Modern international commerce calls at many stages for facilities which only a bank with wide ramifications can provide. In whatever overseas transactions you are interested and whatever the nature of your engagements, this Bank, with an extensive branch system in the home country and banking connections throughout the whole wide world, is able to offer you unrivalled services at whichever of its 1800 offices is most convenient for your purpose.

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

OVERSEAS BRANCH:

122 OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON, E.C. 2

**Wherever
wheels turn
—you'll find**



OLDHAM

BATTERIES

with power to spare

STARTER BATTERIES • TRACTION BATTERIES
BUS BATTERIES

OLDHAM & SON LTD • DENTON • MANCHESTER
ESTABLISHED 1865

ALSO DEPOTS AT LONDON, BIRMINGHAM & GLASGOW

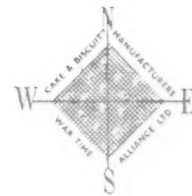
THEY'RE ALL
IN THE BISCUIT

ALL food consists in the main of carbohydrates, proteins and fats, though not many foods contain all three.

During the war the Scientists of the Ministry of Food have been guiding our steps with rationing so that we all get the right quantity of each. Our own instinct has helped, too, and that may be one reason why we have asked our shopkeepers so many times, and with such regularity, for biscuits.

The three essentials to energy are all present in a biscuit. In fact, on this count it would be difficult to find another food to compare with them.

So share the biscuits round
while they're in short supply.



Issued by the Cake and
Biscuit Manufacturers War
Time Alliance Ltd.

CVS-95

Fitting Style



by

Swan

● A NEAT COURT BY

MANUFACTURERS OF

CROCKETT & JONES, NORTHAMPTON

'SWAN' SHOES & 'HEALTH' SHOES

CVS-104

• PRODUCTION FOR VICTORY •



Daimler Armoured Scout Cars—with their famous Fluid Flywheel Transmission—which helped to chase the Hun from Alamein to Cape Bon, from Sicily to Rome, are now in the thick of the Normandy fighting. What a testing for the peacetime Daimler to come!

Daimler
goes
to war

THE DAIMLER COMPANY LIMITED LONDON AND COVENTRY



The Ambassador,
everyone knows,
Keeps the socks that
he knits for his foes;
To promote
good relations
Among friendly nations
He always gives
Cardinal hose.

WOLSEY
Cardinal Socks
RARER THAN DIAMONDS